The Nation.

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The Week.

It is a common remark in Wall Street that never was an event, regarded as so certain as McKinley's election is, so little discounted in advance. One cannot find a banker or business man who will admit a doubt of Bryan's defeat, yet on all hands there is the suspense, the holding of the breath till November 4, which would seem to imply a fear that free silver might, after all, win. But this, we believe, is a result not so much of doubt about the victory of honest money as of uncertainty about the nature and proportions of that victory. That Bryan will be beaten the business world is convinced. But will he and his cause be crushed? Will the majority be so overwhelming that free-silverism will go to join greenbackism? What sort of a Congress are we going to get? Will the vote for McKinley be so non-partisan and enormous that he will see in it a call to continue his profitable studies in finance, and to urge Congress to clinch the victory by reforming the vicious currency system which threatens us with a renewal of the peril in the future? These are the really critical questions, and they cannot be answered until the returns are in. Till then business and industry will continue to live as in a state of siege, and meanwhile it is the duty of every voter to make sure that he casts his ballot in the way to count most in giving merchants and manufacturers that confidence in the distant future of which they are waiting to get an assurance.

The Populistic campaign for the Presidency is ending appropriately in a series of insults and outrages upon those who stand for sound money and the maintenance of the national honor. The "boy orator's" speeches weeks ago degenerated into an attempt to incite a war of classes such as has never been known in the country. Nothing could have been better calculated to provoke the silverite mob to personal violence upon advocates of the gold standard than Bryan's incendiary appeals. The men who threw eggs at the Secretary of the Treasury when Mr. Carlisle spoke at Covington last week, only carried out the spirit that their candidate for President embodies, and there was another exhibition of the same spirit at Springfield, Mo., on Saturday night, when men in a Bryan procession set fire to a sound-money banner under which they marched. Repeated attempts to break up sound-money meetings in Chicago illustrate this tendency in the city where Altgeld has done so much to encourage anarchy ever since he pardoned its representatives from prison.

These incidents are symptomatic. They are precisely the sort of thing which any student of history might have predicted would happen during the closing days of the canvass after such a campaign as Bryan has made. When a candidate for President rushes through the country telling the poor that every man who advocates the gold standard is their enemy, he is arousing a feeling among the ignorant and depraved which leads inevitably to such outrages as those we have just enumerated. There are two compensating features. One is the fact that it is only a comparatively small element of the voters whom Bryan can delude into either committing such outrages or sympathizing with them. The other is, that this revelation of the logical end of the Bryan canvass increases the determination of good citizens to make the defeat of his cause perfectly overwhelming. Those who began by considering him a sincere patriot see at last that he is an unscrupulous demagogue, ready to go any length in his desperate efforts to gratify his ambition, and realize the necessity of rendering his overthrow so complete that he shall always serve as a "horrible example" in American history—a perpetual warning to our youth of the contempt that is heaped upon a man who would stir up a war of classes in a republic.

One of many signs showing the desperate character of the Popocratic campaign is the circular put out by their committee at Chicago intended to provoke strikes and riots on the eve of the election. This incendiary document begins by saying that it is "generally admitted by Chicago manufacturers that the election of McKinley will be followed by a reduction in wages." This is a lie of the first magnitude. The fact is that the manufacturers, not merely of Chicago, but of the whole Union, expect a remarkable revival of business in case of McKinley's election. They have thousands of orders for goods on their books now, conditioned on that very event—orders to be executed in case Mr. Bryan is defeated, and not otherwise. This is not the usual condition of a reduction in wages. Every workingman knows that a reduction is impossible when demand exceeds supply. "It is a significant fact," continues the circular, "that not an employer of labor in the United States, so far as can be learned, has publicly or privately offered to raise wages if McKinley be elected." It is not customary for employers to make corrupt proposals of that kind. If an employer should make such an offer, he would be liable to prosecution for bribery, and he would be held up to infinite scorn by this Bryanite committee. The purpose of the circular is shown by the paragraph which immediately follows, viz.:

> "If the workmen of any great factory or of any great industry are in doubt as to the absolute accuracy of this assertion, they can easily prove or disprove it. Let them appoint a committee and authorize it to confer with the employees or employers. Let this committee ask for an agreement in writing either that wages shall be raised in the event of the election of Mr. McKinley, or that the present rate of wages shall be maintained, or finally demand an absolute guarantee that no cut in wages shall follow the triumph of the single gold standard."

The circular concludes by suggesting that the wage-earners put their employers to the test by asking them to sign a paper agreeing not to reduce wages for two years in case McKinley is elected. This, it says, "will cost nothing, and may settle a disputed point."

Probably the most awkward thing in the canvass for Altgeld to meet is his backing up the Chicago and other rioters in July, 1894, and inserting a defence of them in the platform. One of his supporters is Senator Daniel of Virginia, who presided at the Chicago convention, made no objection to "the free-riot plank," and has since in his addresses, notably in a recent one at Richmond, defended the platform without mentioning this plank. Moreover, he was the very Senator who introduced in the Senate in 1894 the resolutions approving of the President's course in using the troops. This is shameless enough, but Col. Mosby, the ex-guerilla, now resident in San Francisco, makes it more shameless by publishing his own telegrams sent to Senators Daniel and Hunton from San Francisco in 1894. The first says they are "in a state of siege, and the mob in possession of the railroad." The second says, "The mob reigns in California, the State Government paralyzed, and the militia worthless," and begs for federal troops. Senator Daniel replies: "We have endorsed your telegram, and sent it to the President, and hope for speedy action." This man is now standing on and defending a platform which justifies the rioters and rebukes the President for putting them down. For the honor of human nature, be it said, such cases of self-abasement are rare, though they are more numerous among the silverites this year than we ever remember before. Altgeld has also tried to make it appear that the mails were not much delayed by the riots at Chicago. Mr. Hesing, the Postmaster there, shows that "for ten days practically no mails left Chicago," and that "never in the history of the country was mail service so seriously interfered with or so long delayed as during the strike of 1894."

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Secretary Carlisle's speech at Covington on Thursday evening was equal to his reputation as an earnest, logical, cool, and temperate debater of public affairs. Mr. Carlisle has the rare faculty of elucidating any subject that he touches, of divesting it of mystery, sophistry, and fog, and presenting it so that the common mind can easily grasp it. This is the true test of a good public speaker. Thus, in dealing with the magpie utterances of Mr. Bryan that foreign nations are dictating our financial policy, he said:

"Notwithstanding all that has been said or may hereafter be said to the contrary, we have now a distinct monetary system of our own, freely adopted by our own legislation, without dictation from or consultation with any other nation in the world, and we have the right and the power to change it or abolish it altogether whenever we choose. The excited orators who are traversing the land in every direction, vexing the ears of the people with a reiteration of the statement that there is some party or some body of men in this country denying the right or authority of the United States to change its monetary system without the consent of some other nation, are simply evading the real questions at issue, and misrepresenting the position of their opponents for the purpose of making unworthy appeals to the passions and prejudices of their audiences. It is not a question of power, it is not a question of national independence, but it is a question of national prosperity and national honor."

It would be impossible to answer Mr. Bryan's everlasting clatter about foreign dictation in our financial affairs in fewer words or in a more effective manner. It is humiliating that any answer should be necessary, but, since it is, Mr. Carlisle has discharged the need of any further reply to it.

Equally clear and cogent was Mr. Carlisle's answer to the question what remedy he would propose for the present stagnation in business, viz.:

"The first and most important step is for the people of the United States to make such a record at the polls on the 3d of next month as will for ever put an end to the selfish and mischievous agitation of the currency question, which has done more than any other one thing to paralyze industry, destroy credit, and depress our trade at home and abroad. The next step is to take the Government of the United States entirely out of the banking business by retiring and cancelling every one of the notes issued by it, thus for ever stopping the demand upon the Treasury for their redemption in gold or silver, and placing the burden of furnishing gold, when gold is demanded for the redemption of notes, upon the banks, where it properly belongs, and where it always rested until the Government most unwisely inaugurated the policy of issuing its own obligations to circulate as money."

Here is the whole gospel of sound finance, as applied to the present situation, in one paragraph. It is not a new thing just brought to light. On the contrary, it has been reiterated many times, and will probably need to be repeated many times more. But such common truths gain much by being uttered at the right time by some man of high powers, holding a great place and addressing a "doubtful State." All these conditions were united when Mr. Carlisle made his speech at Covington; and the unmannerly behavior of the Bryanite mob that threw eggs at him and tried to howl him down has served only to draw greater attention to his words.

We observe that the death of ex-Speaker Crisp is regarded by some newspapers, the Boston *Herald* among them, as involving "a serious loss to the Democratic party." We are unable to share this view. The *Herald* appears to base the conclusion upon its belief that "Mr. Crisp was a living force on the Democratic side in the House of Representatives; and in the Congressional contests which lie before his party it will sadly miss his great parliamentary skill and the dauntless courage with which he fought a lost battle to the bitter end." Mr. Crisp never did a thing to commend the Democratic party to the favorable consideration of that independent element in the country which it must win in order to secure a majority. On the contrary, it was in spite of Mr. Crisp, rather than because of him, that independents supported his party, just as it was in spite of Gen. Butler's being a Republican thirty years ago, rather than because of it, that the same class of men supported that party then. His determined opposition to Mr. Cleveland is notorious. It has been for years, and still remains, the great misfortune of the South, that so many of its leaders in public life have been men of the Crisp type, who were ready to accept any popular error in order to win or keep office, instead of doing their duty by exposing and combating it. Georgia, "the Empire State of the South," as it likes to be called, has for years shown no genuine leadership in public affairs; nor has Alabama, with her Morgan and Pugh; nor Mississippi, with her George and Walthall; nor Tennessee, with her Harris and Bate; nor Arkansas, with her Jones and Berry; nor Missouri, with her Vest and Cockrell and Bland. The man of convictions, with the courage to express them, seems to have disappeared from the older generation when Mr. Lamar died, and there are as yet only a few representatives of a younger generation animated by his ideas of duty, like Secretary Carlisle, Postmaster-General Wilson, and Senator Caffery of Louisiana.

A bill was introduced in the last Congress providing that in any trial by jury the judge's charge shall be wholly confined to the law of the case. The object of the bill is, like that making contempt of court triable by jury, to emasculate the courts. There is a large class of the community to whom courts and judges are every year becoming more and more repulsive objects. The idea that any one man should have so much power and authority as to be able to punish another for refusing to obey him, is repugnant to their feelings; yet it is a fact that this power lies at the root of our judicial system as it exists. Orders and judgments of court, like other commands for the dispatch of business, have to be executed at once, to be of any value. If a jury had to be resorted to to determine whether a judicial order should be made efficient or not, judicial trials would very likely soon come to an end. Most witnesses, for instance, dislike subpœnas extremely, and as soon as they found out that the only result of their refusing to testify would be a jury trial to determine whether they should be made to testify, they would, whenever it was for their interest to do so, remain silent, so that one of the first results of the new system would be that proof would fail, and without proof there can be no administration of justice at all. At the very best, trials, instead of being speedy, would become more and more dilatory, and in the end would revert to the stage of six hundred years ago, when "the forbearance of the law" was so great that the plaintiff was lucky if he got a trial at all.

We venture to say that if Altgeld and Debs and Coxey and Bryan and their numerous supporters would express their opinion, it would be found to be just as strongly against judges charging the jury "on the facts" as in favor of jury trial for contempts. To charge the jury on the facts seems to suggest that a judge not only knows more law than the jury—which has not yet been disputed—but more in general. How can "any one man" know more than twelve men about the force and weight to be given to testimony which they have listened to? If he is allowed to charge them about facts, he may bias them improperly in favor of one side or the other. So he may, but if he does, his charge will be upset on appeal; while if he is not allowed to charge on the facts, the jury are deprived of the only guide they have. The idea that they will come to a more sensible and impartial conclusion by their unaided wits, than after having their attention directed to the salient points of the case by an expert trained in testing and weighing proof, is absurd. The only result of shutting the judge's mouth as to the facts would be to substitute the bias of the jury for that of the judge, and the one is just as much greater than the other as the ignorance and inexperience of jurymen are greater than those of judges. The federal courts are now a main judicial reliance against anarchy, and these bills ought to be killed. One of them is, naturally enough, fathered by D. B. Hill.

The Supreme Court of Massachusetts has, we are glad to say, decided on appeal that it is not lawful to walk up and down in front of a man's premises for the purpose of preventing persons from entering his employ by intimidation or threats. The extraordinary doctrine that this was lawful because the persons doing it were trying to better their con-

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dition, got into the heads about a year ago of Judges Holmes and Field, but the majority have happily overruled them. This doctrine is a legitimate part of the crazy communistic creed that if you employ a man once, it gives him a right to remain for an indefinite period in your service on his own terms, so that, if you lower his wages, or if he thinks you ought to raise his wages, and refuses to work for you on your terms, and you dismiss him, you do him a wrong, and he has a right to annoy you and do what he can to prevent others from filling his place till you take him back. A more astounding doctrine probably never got into a court of justice. The Massachusetts court has nipped it in the bud by following the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Debs case and of the English courts in the McGregor case. It denies that acts intended to injure or annoy others are justifiable if performed with intent to better your own condition, and goes on to say:

"This motive or purpose does not justify maintaining a patrol in front of the plaintiff's premises as a means of carrying out their conspiracy. A combination among persons merely to regulate their own conduct is within allowable competition, and is lawful, although others may be indirectly affected thereby, but a combination to do injurious acts expressly directed to another, by way of intimidation or constraint, either of himself or of persons employed or seeking to be employed by him, is outside of allowable competition, and is unlawful."

It must be remembered, now that the Venezuela matter is near settlement, by those who feel disposed to think that Mr. Cleveland's and Mr. Olney's way of approaching the subject was the right one (if it should appear that it has accomplished the desired result), that Mr. Olney's dispatch was the first application to arbitrate made to Great Britain on our own account. To conclude, therefore, that his way of beginning the negotiation was the right way is to conclude that all politeness of form, not only in diplomatic usage but in human intercourse, is unnecessary. Down to Mr. Olney's day the only mention of the Venezuela trouble made in our dispatches to England was recommendations to arbitrate for the sake of Venezuela, a small and angry state. Even Blaine expressly disclaimed the idea that the dispute was in any sense our affair, although the contention of the Venezuelans all along was that it was our affair. No such view was taken by any of Mr. Olney's predecessors. The first intimation Great Britain had that arbitration was due to us, and that refusal to arbitrate, or determination to draw boundaries without arbitrating, was a violation of the Monroe Doctrine, came from him accompanied by a threat of war, which threw the business of the country into confusion and greatly alarmed the British. If this were the right way to begin, all civility in diplomatic intercourse would be a mistake, and it is not an unfair deduction from it that civility in private disputes would also be a mistake. If you differ with a gentleman about the interpretation of a contract or the items of an account, and the right thing to do is to go to his house with a big stick or a bowie-knife, and tell him that if he does not settle this matter on your view you will break every bone in his body or rip him open, there is hardly doubt that any quiet gentleman who had no courts or police to appeal to, would settle promptly, if the amount involved were not too large, in order to get rid of a ruffian. But if the ruffian continued to call himself a gentleman and to say that the result showed that this was the way to decide controversies, the judicious would both smile and grieve. There was no reason in the world for not telling Lord Salisbury politely that the Administration took a more serious view of the matter than its predecessors, and considered the matter as our concern, and would feel obliged by a prompt settlement. When this failed, it would be time enough to let loose the dogs of war. It would reflect discredit on our civilization if we looked back with satisfaction on the way this controversy was begun, however well pleased we may be with its termination.

Our old friend the Indian rupee is at work again. The great advance in wheat has made it necessary for it to take the field. It has always been the strong resource of silver logicians in sore straits. You think you have them cornered, their facts demolished, their arguments riddled, but then comes that dreamy, far-away look in their eyes, and they escape triumphantly by way of the Indian rupee. On that Mr. Wharton Barker now rides away from the dilemma of advancing wheat and declining silver. It is a good deal of an Asian mystery as he explains it, but he stoutly affirms that if you will look narrowly into the extraordinary behavior of the Indian rupee, all will be clear and the necessity of free coinage irrefragably established. What is still more alarming, he intimates that there are other foreign coins in reserve if the rupee fails him. There is the Argentine peso, as to which he darkly hints that he could tell many things about its effect on the price of wheat in the Dakotas. All this shows how feeble the gold-standard logic always must be. It can never make an end of the silver reasoners. Drive them off the rupee, and they take their stand on the peso; make them bolt out of that hole, and they are prepared to seek refuge with the sucre or the bolivar, the ruble or the kopek, the tael or the yen, or, if worst comes to worst, with wampum and beads. They turn and pass and come again with the facility of Emerson's elusive spirit, and always have a fresh obscurity with which to account for the most obvious facts.

It is probably too soon to assert that the new Spanish loan of $200,000,000 has absolutely failed. London will have nothing to do with it, and Paris and Brussels have not yet taken it up, but their hesitation may simply be a bid for better terms. French investors are already so heavily loaded up with Spanish securities that they may feel compelled to loan more money in order to protect what they have before loaned. This is, to state it baldly, the last hope of the Spanish Treasury. It practically says to the Paris Bourse, "Find us $200,000,000 additional, or we may default on the interest of what you have already advanced." The first answer is a rush to sell Spanish securities and a serious fall in their price. But this may be only a prelude to a successful floating of the loan on terms a little more onerous for the Spanish Treasury. In any case the negotiation is almost a matter of life and death. The interest on the existing Spanish debt absorbs two-fifths of the entire national revenue. In addition, as Cánovas informed the Cortes, it will shortly be necessary for Spain to make good its guarantee of the Cuban debt. Prostrate Cuba cannot pay the interest on that, which will require several millions. Then there are the extraordinary war expenses of $10,000,000 a month. Spain simply has not the money to meet all these liabilities. She cannot raise it by increased taxation. She must borrow it, on any terms, or else there is nothing for it but a general smash-up. The fate of the Cuban insurrection will be decided rather on the Paris Bourse than in Pinar del Rio or along the *trocha*.

The almost forgotten doctrine of economy in public expenditures through close attention to minor details is preached with vigor by Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, apropos of a successful application of it in the French Department of the Jura. What has filled the minds of finance ministers and councillors for many years past has been the idea of some grand, sweeping stroke by which, through a glorious "conversion" or the exploiting of some new monopoly, the state would save millions or add them to its revenue. Mere petty economies have been beneath their lofty minds. To waste their precious time in stamping on a 1,000-franc job here and cutting off a useless expense of 1,500 francs there, could hardly be expected of such brilliant and important personages. But that is the only way to do the business. While other councils-general were dreaming of spectacular operations, that of the Jura buckled down to details, and, by saving 177 francs in the commune of Pannessières, 144 at Nance, 75 at Largillay, etc., succeeded quietly in effecting a distinct reduction in taxation. That this merciless application of the knife to particular items is the only practical way of economizing in public expenditure, our Congress will do well to remember next winter.

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MOB VIOLENCE.

THE accounts which reach us from various parts of the country, of mob violence, egg-throwing, disturbance at meetings, and insults to speakers by the Bryanites, are not absolutely new in American politics. They were common enough in the days of the anti-slavery agitation, and, beginning early, they indicated clearly the determination of the pro-slavery partisans to decide the controversy, if necessary, by force. Moreover, this spirit was encouraged and promoted by all the leading pro-slavery men. Not only were all attempts at persuasion prohibited on Southern soil, but the mob in Northern cities were taught by speeches and articles that the use of violence against anti-slavery men was legitimate whenever they attempted any public proclamation of their opinions.

This example is being followed to-day. Bryan and Altgeld and their congeners do not, it is true, say: "Your opponents ought to be stoned, or egged, or interrupted, or hanged"; but they accuse their opponents of opinions, of a course of life, and of designs which, to an ignorant or excitable poor man, make mobbing seem too good for them. More than this. The offences of the Anarchists in Chicago were worse as a menace to social order than anything which has happened since the Commune in Paris. These men assembled in the street, against the police prohibition, to make incendiary speeches directed against the laws and against other classes of society, armed with bombs to be used in murdering anybody who interfered with them. They accordingly murdered some policemen. Several were hanged and others were sentenced to imprisonment. Gov. Altgeld has pardoned these, and set them at liberty, avowedly through sympathy with them, and officially abused and vilified the court and jury that convicted them. Ever since, he has been a leading member of the Democratic party, and had a leading share in drawing the Chicago platform. He does not disavow or repent anything he has ever done. The platform rebukes the President for suppressing very formidable riots when Gov. Altgeld, the local sheriff, and militia had proved unable or unwilling to do so, thus making out that it was more important that the local authorities should not be interfered with against their will than that the great lines of communication should be kept open and life and property protected. This doctrine fully carried out would mean that any State could remain in a condition bordering on anarchy as long as the Governor and Legislature did not choose to call for assistance, and that the poor might bomb the rich without being interfered with.

Considering these things, and many others for which we have no space, the wonder is not that there have been so many Bryanite outrages, but that there have been so few. In the early days of the republic, when newspapers were few and communication difficult, and the population homogeneous and equally well instructed, it did not make so much difference what any one said. Everybody wanted law and order, and sought the same results by different means. Nowadays we have among us a large body of persons of varied degrees of education, of different kinds of training, many of them knowing little or nothing about government except what they hear from their leaders. That is to say, they are especially liable to *influence* rather than open to persuasion. They are themselves completely unable to devise a political framework or to criticise it. They know little or nothing about currency except that it is a good thing to have plenty of it. Of the merits or defects of our Constitution they know nothing but what they hear from the men whom they follow. They care little or nothing for the things which Americans used to value and to which they used to point with pride. They care nothing about judicial integrity, or public credit, or any of the constituent elements of a great state. They would fain, in short, illustrate all the evils which reactionary writers ascribe to pure democracy. Their idea of government is an omnipotent club, like that of the Jacobins, doing whatever the leaders said was good for the people, rejecting the wisdom of the past as superstition, and looking on the saving classes as public enemies. They are filled, too, with an immense sense of power.

Now, when such people as these see a man of their own, like Altgeld—sharing all their opinions—put in the Governorship of a great State; when they see their peculiar views embodied in the platform of one of the great parties of the country, and see their chosen candidate for the Presidency preaching them from a hundred stumps all over the country, is it any wonder they grow impatient enough to throw stones, or eggs, or anything that comes in their way, at their opponents? The theory of conspiracy alone is enough to incite ignorant men to violence. That theory maintains that the gold standard is the result of a combination among dishonest men for their own benefit, and causes immense misery to the poor, for which, however, the conspirators care nothing. It also holds that judges and legislators who maintain it, and orators and writers who advocate it, are hired by the conspirators, and are not speaking their honest sentiments, but are seeking their own advantage; and that poverty may be abolished by some sort of legislation. The present situation, in fact, shows strikingly that we shall have hereafter to consider far more carefully than ever before, not only the construction which may be put on our words by intelligent Americans, but the way in which they may be construed by, and the suggestions they may contain for, hundreds of thousands of Americans who are not intelligent and have caught the virus of European communism. If we said that the Chicago platform and Altgeld himself were the direct product of both the Democratic and the Republican teaching of the last twenty years, we should not be far wrong.

THE FARMER AS A BUSINESS MAN.

PROF. LAUGHLIN has an article on the condition of the farmers in the current *Atlantic Monthly*, in which he calls attention to the fact, at this moment brought home to everybody's consciousness, that all our products, and especially our farm products, have to compete with those of all other countries in the markets of Europe. The happy Greeley days, when the factory was to spring up beside the farm, and the operatives were to eat all it produced, are gone. We produce, owing to improvements in transportation and machinery, a great surplus of everything, which has to be sold abroad, because our own people are stuffed full already of wheat, corn, cattle, and hogs. The operatives declare they can eat no more, so that, as we see by the advance in grain, the prices in the European markets are of the last importance to the farmer. It depends largely on them whether his year shall be prosperous or not. It depends on them, too, what crop he had better raise, and whether he should hold his product or sell it. Prof. Laughlin points out that farming has become in some sort a commercial business, and that, great as the competition is, the man who conducts it as a commercial business prospers.

Now, our competitors in the markets of Europe are India, Russia, Australia, Rumania, Argentina. Probably Africa will have to be added to the list before long. It is of the greatest concern to us, as the events of to-day show, what these countries are producing, what prices they are getting, what are their modes of cultivation, and what are their means of transportation. Therefore, we need to study them just as a tea or coffee merchant studies the tea or coffee crop, or as a sugar merchant studies the sugar crop, or a spice merchant studies the spice crop, and so on. He does this by closely watching all the countries from which his merchandise comes. He reads the market reports in the various daily papers. He takes a trade paper and reads it closely. He talks with his brother merchants on 'change. He gets hold of every bit of intelligence he can find relating to the internal condition of the countries in which he is interested.

But what does the Populist farmer do? He reads a blathering local paper, which is full of misinformation put in to "help the party," and he collogues with other farmers as ignorant as himself at the corner grocery. Of the world outside he knows and cares nothing. "America is good enough for him," England and the

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East generally are full of dudes, and "gold-bugs," and speculators. The result is that, having a good deal of time on his hands, he sits idly waiting for the demagogue and the crazemonger, and they come along at regular intervals. Had the Western farmers been watching the markets with intelligence during the last ten years, the idea of tampering with the currency would no more have entered their heads than it would have entered the heads of the members of the New York Produce Exchange. If they had been conducting their farms as business men, and had a realizing sense of the conditions which fix the price of their merchandise, they would have had no time this summer to nominate Bryan and "whoop him up." They would have foreseen and have been waiting eagerly for the present rise in wheat, and would have known why it was to rise. We believe some farmers were warned of it by Mr. Hill of the Great Northern, and have profited thereby, but they ought to have known as much about it as Mr. Hill.

At present they are as ignorant and credulous and suspicious as European peasants. Instead of understanding economical phenomena, they think these are the result of a conspiracy. Every one which they do not like is the work of secret enemies. The rise in wheat is an electioneering dodge. All falls in stocks, caused by political folly, are "put-up jobs," the work of anti-American speculators. The result is that it is at present very difficult to teach them political economy and finance, because they do not believe in the reality of the phenomena through which economy and finance are taught. A man who thinks stocks go up and down under foreign manipulation, or that the price of grain is regulated, not by supply and demand, but by intrigue, is very difficult to enlighten or convert about economical conditions. We laugh over the tendency in the Middle Ages to put the blame of scarcity on the Jews, and the blame of epidemics on the doctors; but are we much better off?

Another unfortunate tendency of the Bryanite farmer is towards suspiciousness. He suspects nearly everybody who does not live in his State. All bankers and rich men are conspirators, and so are nearly all foreign business men. Worse still, these conspirators are generally laboring to destroy property in America, to impoverish the farmers, impede business, "corner" gold, wreck railroads, and produce a general condition of distress and decay. That is, they are trying with all their might to ruin their own best customers. Why they should do this is never explained. The farmers never ask what impels business men to seek to destroy the purchasing power of the people to whom they sell and lend, and on whose prosperity their own prosperity depends. In fact, the whole Bryan campaign is filled with this theory of unprecedented, unnatural, and inexplicable human baseness, and it does not excite wonder among his followers. Nothing of the kind has ever happened in the history of mankind. Turks and Tartars and mercenary troops have often ruined wide tracts of country, but they have had personally the fun of burning the houses and destroying the property. No large body of men has ever labored for the destruction of another large body secretly, when nothing was apparently to be gained by the operation. It is unpleasant to remember that this suspiciousness, too, as alienists know, is one of the earliest symptoms of insanity. The sense of being followed or surrounded by enemies is too often the forerunner of hopeless brain disease.

ARCHBISHOPS AND ORTHODOXY.

In choosing Dr. Temple, Bishop of London, as the successor of the late Archbishop Benson, Lord Salisbury has done one of those rash and radical things which only a Conservative Government can venture upon in safety. When Mr. Gladstone named the same man in 1869 as Bishop of Exeter, there was a wild outcry from startled Churchmen, and a resolute effort made to prevent his confirmation. Probably the real grounds of objection to him were that he had openly and vigorously supported Mr. Gladstone and Irish Disestablishment, but the formal charges laid before the Vicar-General alleged that he was not sound in the faith—the chief document in the case being his contribution to that *scandalum magnum* of the '60s, the 'Essays and Reviews.' But Dr. Temple was confirmed nevertheless, and in 1883 gave fresh offence with his volume of Bampton Lectures which were open to the suspicion, to say the least, of being the product of a rationalizing mind. Yet he was promoted to the See of London two years later, and now becomes Primate. Like Tait, he reaches the position via Rugby and the bishopric of London, but who could have picked out the daring Essayist and Reviewer of thirty years ago as the man to receive the highest dignity of a Conservative church at the hands of a Conservative Prime Minister and ostentatious Churchman?

The solution of the mystery is, we suppose, very simple. Theological views scarcely count any longer in these matters. The work of a bishop is largely executive—the Archbishop of Canterbury, in particular, must have a vast genius for detail and dispatch of business. Given a man of ability (and Dr. Temple's is unquestioned and preëminent), who will be fitted to grace the office in all its public aspects, who has a record of organizing and administrative success behind him, and who is willing to work like a horse, and his particular stripe of theology is hardly worth considering any more. Yes, there is one part of his theological attitude which is most important: How does he stand on the question of High and Low Church? What does he think of chasubles and thurifers? Extremes here will never do. An Archbishop of Canterbury must not be too High nor yet too Low, must not indulge in Romish practices himself, but must not be too hard on those who do. Bishop Temple, like both his immediate predecessors, is thought to be well qualified in these particulars. There will be a decent ecclesiastical peace in his day, and that, Lord Salisbury no doubt concluded, is the main thing.

Yet the Bishop of London's elevation to Canterbury is, after all, a striking sign of the times. Like many other such signs, it shows how theology does get on in spite of everything. Macaulay's famous and rather futile assertion that theology could not be a progressive science—for all you had to do, whether you were in Patagonia or in Oxford, was to sit down with your creed and your Bible, and there was an end of it—has had of late some striking commentaries in England. One of them was the address of the Bishop of Lichfield at the opening of the Church Congress. The congress met at Shrewsbury, Darwin's birthplace, and this fact was noticed by the Bishop, who said that "all members of the church of Christ owed a great debt of gratitude to Charles Darwin. He had simplified and interpreted, as a true man of science would be anxious to do, the methods which have been pursued by the Great Almighty Creator in His works, and in so doing he had added to the dignity of the conception which they were able to form of Him who made us and all the world." Think of all this being said, and no one having a fit, within thirty years or so of that other bishop's ferocious attack on Darwin, and on Huxley as Darwin's friend and champion!

All this, of course, is but one chapter out of a history where all chapters tell the same story. Theology is never more in a state of flux than at the very occasions which it chooses for the purpose of asseverating that its metes and bounds are fixed for ever. As a living science, in a living, breathing world, it must be so. The folly is not in changing, but in denying that one has changed. Canon Gore read a paper at Shrewsbury in which he frankly admitted that "evolution had taken hold of theology; it had modified our way of thinking about it. It would not be dislodged." This is undeniable, and the only wonder is why theology has been so long about it, why it is thirty years behind the rest of the educated world in submitting to, if not welcoming, the most fertilizing intellectual principle of the century. The explanation doubtless lies in the tenacious conservatism of the Church, which has its great advantages, all must concede, as well as its unfortunate drawbacks.

Two dangers confront the Church in its changed attitude towards science. One is that it will potter away, and make a vain show of being liberal and progres-

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sive, over an obsolete science. It fights Hugh Miller for a generation, and then turns round with much comforting talk about the way "the old red sandstone" confirms the Mosaic account of creation, after Miller, in the scientific world, has become only an historical curiosity. It is a melancholy truth that theology, as a general rule, falls a-fighting only thirty years after that battle is all over and a fresh one started elsewhere. The other danger is that there will be an ignorant and undignified scurrying after all kinds of undeveloped or pseudo-science, in order to press it instantly into the service of theology. We read at this moment of a leading clergyman of Cleveland preaching on "The Being of God Illustrated by the X-Rays," "The Soul and a Future State, Illustrated by Psychical Facts," with much other weariness to the flesh. To all such rushers-in, and to that kind of theology in general which is so anxious to show that it is not only up to date but quite ahead of the calendar, we may commend that beautiful saying of the Psalmist's—fit epitaph for either the devout theologian or the humble agnostic—"My heart is not haughty, nor mine eyes lofty; neither do I exercise myself in great matters, or in things too wonderful for me."

NOVELS AND NEWSPAPERS AT THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

"Reading and the invention of printing are the greatest blessing ever given to mankind, or else the greatest curse, I forget which." This uncertainty, to which a witty maker of books confesses, seems to have possessed the minds also of the gentlemen who addressed the recent Church Congress in England on the subject of "Current Literature, Society Papers, Novels, etc." In fact, they distinctly held a brief for the curse. Unlike Disraeli on a famous occasion, they did not side with the angels. If Macaulay's New Zealander, in the intervals of his melancholy reflections over the ruins of London, should unearth a copy of the proceedings of this Church Congress as his sole means of information respecting the condition of English literature at the close of the nineteenth century, he would conclude that it was in a state of lamentable decay and corruption. This was an inevitable result of classifying literature among the deadly sins of the day against which the Church must bear her testimony. When you assign an afternoon to "Tendencies in Modern Society which need to be considered in the Light of Christian Teaching," any one at all versed in such matters instinctively feels that the said tendencies are sure to be bad. Grouped, at any rate, at this particular congress, literature was with social extravagance, questionable amusements, unwholesome recreations, and the other snares which the enemy of souls spreads for the feet of the unwary.

Of course, a Church-Congressman, like all other mortals of this evil time, when he says literature means novels. Fiction *is* literature nowadays. As the presumption used to be that all poets were atheists, so the fair inference now is that every writer is a novelist. Historians, essayists, poets are all very well in their humble way, but the serious and strenuous workers in literature, the men who go about bent and haggard under the burden of their solemn calling, are those curious descendants of light-hearted troubadour and jongleur—the modern novelists. Thus no one should have been surprised who went to the Congress hall to hear the Dean of Rochester read a paper on current literature, at finding that it was all about novels. A thing equally agreed was it that it should be all about objectionable novels. The *Spectator* had, it is true, intimated in advance that the clergy would be attacking books and papers about which they knew nothing. But Canon Ainger repelled this with suitable warmth. Since when was it necessary to know all about what you were assailing? As the gay Mr. Jacobs lately said, when brought to book for some wild work of his in Arabic literature, "Of course, this is all conjecture. Else where should I come in?" Moreover, as Canon Ainger truly said, it was possible to pick up more than enough knowledge of current literature without devoting much time to it, and there was, besides, the solemn duty of the clergy to pay some attention to morbid as well as healthy literature. In this disinterested spirit, and with smelling salts and handkerchief ready, many a clergyman has gone a-slumming in literature, taken copious notes, printed them, even preached them.

There was more or less of such professional mannerism about the papers read, but it must be said that they were in essence sound, and contain truth to which we should all do well to give heed. The Dean of Rochester was naturally the lighter of touch, and his cry for a deliverer from the "impossible" novel was more original and needful than his condemnation of the other two classes of the objectionable novel—the "lascivious" and the "profane." Open defenders of the latter, once admitting the definition, it would be hard to meet. But the impossible novel has become thick as the leaves in Vallombrosa, and its producers and consumers afflict the land. The great objection to it, said the Dean, is that it gradually saps the power of credulity, as well as the capacity of being thrilled and wearing beads of agony on the bewildered brow, and that it is filling the world with a lot of infinitely weary readers. They are perfectly certain in time to lose all gratification at hearing the distant bay of the ferocious bloodhounds, and are already more and more feebly putting spurs to their gallant chargers flecked with foam and blood. They cannot much longer have zest in dangling over the sea on ropes by which they have escaped from prison, and which they observe to be gradually fraying in two against the sharp edge of the rock. As for the joy of being struck down by a blow from behind, just as you are polishing off the last of the five ruffians who had beset you, losing consciousness, and then all a blank until you awake in a cottage which is small but scrupulously clean, with the object of your affections gazing fondly upon you with finger on her lips—as for all this, the Dean of Rochester truly said that there are growing multitudes who sadly say they find no pleasure in that kind of amusing literature.

Fully as much to the point, if uttered in graver tone, was what Canon Ainger said about the terribly unbracing effect on the mind of a steady reading of the futile gossip and silly scandal that make up the typical "society paper." If the Canon had known the sort of thing in that line we produce in this country, what with the "serio-comic" ventures and the crime-loving and crime-breeding exploits of our daily press, he would have given his censure a keener edge. As it was, he said the least that could be said about the evil when he affirmed that its direct and main effect was "further to enfeeble already feeble minds." The only remedy he thought to be at all hopeful was the gradual leavening of society with true mental and moral culture. We think he might have gone further, as far as our own plight is concerned at any rate, and called upon church and clergy not only to denounce but to cease to patronize an immoral and debasing press. One of the appalling things about our newspaper evil (for its existence ought to be recognized just as clearly as that of the social evil) is the utter lack of intellectual and moral discrimination which leads good men to make themselves *participes criminis* with the deadliest journalistic instruments of Satan by reading, patronizing, and even praising them.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF ITALY.

Italy, October 7, 1896.

The betrothal of Prince Vittorio Emanuele III., or, as the republican papers call him, "Prince Gennaro" (he bearing also the name of Gennaro, the patron saint of Naples), to Helen Petrovitch, daughter of Nicholas, Prince of Montenegro, differing as it does from the ordinary routine of royal marriages, has aroused more sentiment throughout the country than anything connected with royalty has done for many a long year. The young heir apparent has never been much before the public. As a lad he was kept tied to his mother's apron strings, allowed to have pretty much his own way, provided he attended mass regularly and duly performed his religious duties, while his early education was more literary and artistic than that bestowed on any former scion of the house of Savoy, from which on both sides he descends. Physically he betrays the Hapsburg blood, es-

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pecially in the protruding under lip and haughty bearing derived neither from his father nor his grandfather (bluff soldiers both), but from his grandmother and great-aunt, Austrians in heart and feature. At eighteen King Humbert decided on making a soldier of this only son and heir, and until lately kept him entirely aloof from politics. On one point only the young man proved indocile to parental authority: he declined to marry, partly, it is said, on account of his delicate health, partly, perhaps, because none of the royal brides proposed suited his taste. Hence the announcement of his betrothal to the beautiful Helen of Montenegro, with whom he is said to have fallen in love at Venice, when the Princess, with her mother and two sisters, were there on a visit, comes as a surprise. Their acquaintance was renewed at St. Petersburg, and on his return the dutiful son asked permission of his parents to formally demand her hand in person—a permission readily granted, as the royal couple were only too glad to consent to what seemed the only chance of the crown descending in the direct line of Carignano. Said and done. The young Princess, whom rumor first assigned to the present Czar before his marriage with the daughter of Queen Victoria's "Alice the well beloved," was gladly accorded by the head of the Petrovitches to the heir apparent of the Italian throne, no difficulties being raised to the proviso that she must abjure the faith of her forefathers and become a pervert to the Roman Catholic Church. So the wedding is fixed for the 24th of October, and is to be a simple family affair, the King insisting from the first that this year of disasters, when thousands of families are mourning their dead and vainly awaiting the return of their imprisoned sons, is no time for public festivals or for the interchange of gorgeous costly international courtesies.

The Jingo party, who still clamor for "war to the death" against the Emperor of Abyssinia, aver that this is no time for any royal marriage, and do not conceal their contempt for the penniless daughter of a mere "brigand chief," as they style the warrior head of the Petrovitches. Nor is their animosity diminished by the successful termination by the Rudini-Visconti Venosta Cabinet of the Tunis treaty, which puts an end to the useless, fruitless, baneful friction between France and Italy. Grievous certainly to Italy is this final irrevocable recognition of France as paramount in Tunis—Tunis, which, but for Italy's unskilful diplomacy at Berlin in 1878, might now be a flourishing Italian colony. Nothing remained for the Italians save to make the best possible terms with the republican masters of Tunis, and this from a commercial and political point of view the present ministry has succeeded in doing. The Jingoes will not admit this very evident fact, but the country is satisfied and looks forward to a general renewal of commercial relations between the two countries. There is not the slightest foundation for the report set afloat by the Jingoes that the King is hurrying on the wedding because he has decided never himself to sign a peace with the Emperor of Abyssinia, resolving rather to abdicate and leave that task to the young King Victor Emanuel III. The rumor probably originated in the fact that the heir apparent did, at the moment of the crisis, when Italy was on the verge of revolution, leave his regiment at Florence, and, going to Rome, ventured to remonstrate with the King on the folly of plunging the nation into civil war for the sake of an impossible revindication of territory unjustly acquired, and useless as an acquisition. Possibly his remonstrance may have decided the King to accept the resignation of the late ministry and to accord his sanction, however reluctant, to the proposals of their successors for the settlement of the African muddle.

Parties and partisans aside, the marriage is popular throughout the country, for whereas a mere matrimonial alliance with any of the European dynasties would have excited no interest (that of the Duke of Aosta with the Orleans "right-divine" family was held in aversion), this wooing of Helen of the Black Mountain appeals to the sentimental side of the people. Mazzini's predilection, too, and Garibaldi's enthusiasm for the sturdy patriots who, after centuries of struggle, cast the Turkish yoke from their necks, and, unlike their neighbors, sturdily and successfully refused to exchange it for that of Russia or Austria, harmonize with the present rapprochement.

In 1877 Russia had vanquished Turkey and was disposed to repay those who had assisted her in so doing. Foremost of these was Montenegro, and the Czar had, in the Treaty of San Stefano, both strengthened and enlarged the gallant little state. But here Austria intervened, and the Treaty of Berlin reduced considerably the benefits of San Stefano. The reunion of Antivari and the adjoining territory to Montenegro was fettered with the conditions that the region south of and up to the River Bojana should be restored to Turkey; the commune of Spizza incorporated with Dalmatia; Montenegro permitted free navigation on the Bojana, but prohibited from owning ships of war or a naval flag of war; foreign war-ships not allowed to enter the port of Antivari; the existing fortifications razed and no others constructed; maritime and sanitary police placed under the control of Austria in Antivari and all along the coast of Montenegro, which must adopt the maritime legislation of Dalmatia. Austria was pledged to accord her consular protection to the commercial flag of Montenegro, and with Austria must be concerted the right of constructing and maintaining roads and railroads in the newly acquired territory. This pettifogging arrangement was irksome indeed to the Montenegrins, whose hatred of Austria breaks out from time to time with scarcely less vigor than that displayed in former times against the Turk; but, say they, "The end of the Turk is not far off, and that will be the beginning of the end of Austria." Russia stands stanchly by the Montenegrins, and, should the unfortunate young King of Servia come to an untimely end, as he has no direct heirs and the Servians are close allies of the Montenegrins, there are more improbable things on the cards than a union of the peoples of Servia and Montenegro under one government. At the time of Prince Victor's betrothal it was rumored that Prince Nicholas would bestow the hand of his younger daughter Anna on King Alexander of Servia, and there was no doubt that the young King was anxious to take her for his helpmate, or that the Servians would have welcomed her right heartily. But the prudent head of the house of Petrovitch did not see his way clear to ally his fortunes with the disorderly house of Obrenovitch. Possibly the Czar, whom he has hitherto called his "one friend in Europe," dissuaded him from the step; probably his new friends and relations of the house of Savoy will be of the same opinion.

The marriage contract is being signed today, two ministers of the Prince of Montenegro arriving yesterday. The Italian ministers chosen are Costa, Minister of Justice and Pardon, Visconti Venosta, of Foreign Affairs. This contract remains secret. As soon as Parliament is reopened, the question of the young heir's appointments will be discussed. Hitherto his father has supplied him from his own civil list, supplemented by his pay as colonel. The religious ceremony will take place in the Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli; the royal couple will pass their honeymoon in Florence, the Prince returning to his regimental duties. Many of the newspapers have stated that Carducci is writing an ode for the occasion—some have even given the subject, others have gone so far as to quote lines from the poem. There is not the slightest ground for the rumor. "I have no talent for royal epithalamia," is a phrase of his own, and you may be sure that, during the wedding festivals, Rome will not see her poet's face. He has just completed and published the second volume of the 'Italian Resurrection,' of which I shall send you early extracts. Now he is finishing his preface to the 'Political Writings of Alberto Mario.' After that, he says, "I shall devote myself to philology."

J. W. M.

THE LONDON ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION.

LONDON, October 2, 1896.

IT is three years since the Arts and Crafts Society gave its last exhibition in London. In the meanwhile, it has been discovered by the foreigner. The Frenchman has come to it for his new sensation, and the least successful brasses of Bond Street and the always beautiful glass of Whitefriars make a triumphant display in Paris, at M. Byng's "Salon de l'Art Nouveau," which, as the name explains, prizes novelty above all else. The fever has spread to Germany, with, so far, the ponderous quarterly *Pan* as chief outcome. In Belgium, that centre of eager but often unintelligent imitators, wall-papers in which Mr. Morris's designs have gone quite mad, and furniture in which everything is sacrificed to affectation, are the tribute offered. It is needless to point out how frequently the American book reveals the English influence. In fact, of late years, it is to England that many people interested in the decorative arts have looked for inspiration; and with a certain amount of reason.

It is because of this effect which the Society has been having abroad that greater interest than usual is attached to its new show. So much has been heard of the copy that one is the more curious to look again at the original—in this case, to tell the truth, often enough a copy itself. Moreover, one feels that artists and craftsmen who have the sense not to follow the fashion of giving a yearly exhibition just for the sake of giving it, must, when they do open their gallery, have something worth showing. But it must be confessed that the collection now in the New Gallery presents much the same features and characteristics as the other collections which the Society has got together in the past. The mistake the members have made from the start has been to set up for themselves far too narrow a standard. They have never been able to see beauty in anything but in the "Neo-Gothic," of which Mr. Morris, by far the strongest personality among them,

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is the master. Now, it is not necessary, at this late date, to insist upon the excellent work that Mr. Morris has often accomplished, or upon the change for the better that began with the founding of the famous house of Morris, Marshall, Faulkner & Co. But that which may be strength in the leader is apt to become feebleness in the follower; and yet the Arts and Crafts Committee would rather accept the weakest work done after the approved models, than any genuinely original and distinguished performance of the man who holds another and opposing artistic creed. The result is, as it has been from the beginning, a pervading amateurishness, which often interferes with one's enjoyment of the really great and good things included.

Again, the shortcomings of previous years are as obvious as ever. For example, there is but little furniture shown, and that little is mostly commonplace. I could find no exception to the rule unless it was a fine mantelpiece in wood, which really should be ranked as architectural decoration rather than furniture. This was designed by Mr. Harrison Townsend; it has for ornament carving by Mr. George Frampton, and is a graceful, imposing structure, free from sham mediævalism, that will be seen to still better advantage in the hall for which it is intended. Ranking with this is a most impressive lectern, the work of Mr. W. Bainbridge Reynolds. Carpets, as well as furniture, are sadly neglected, though I know of nothing to which arts and craftsmen could so well turn their attention. If more thought has been bestowed upon wall-papers, it is simply to prove that well-known designers continue to be without rivals; here the men legitimately conspicuous are once more Mr. Lewis F. Day and Mr. Walter Crane, the latter in a new and striking arrangement of his favorite peacock motive. It is the same with the textiles, which also give the palm to Mr. Day. It is the same with the glass, where Powell & Co. are supreme, and, indeed, the world over I know of no glass to compete with that which comes from Whitefriars. Perhaps, in fairness, I ought to add that there are three or four wonderful pieces of enamelled glass by Miss Casella, which could hold their own if placed side by side with the old Dutch and Venetian models. But, after all, if I were to mention every individual exhibit of merit, I could make quite a long and pleasing catalogue.

My object, however, is to consider the main tendencies of the exhibition as a whole, the sole consideration of importance to those who cannot visit the gallery. I might describe at length Mr. Morris's new tapestries, for the largest of which he has taken Botticelli's "Spring" as subject, and executed it with extraordinary fidelity, when one remembers the difficulty of his medium, but with, to me, a somewhat unpleasant crudity and gaudiness of color. I might, too, enter into a minute explanation of Sir Edward Burne-Jones's designs of "Ministering" and "Praising Angels" for the other two tapestries, and of "Love" for a most splendid panel in needlework, since these are among the masterpieces of the collection. But I think, especially at the present moment, it is more interesting to note that the Society, after its three silent working years, shows very little improvement, very little progress, very little sign of that vitality without which schools of art are never founded or movements carried on. Of the younger men, but two or three stand out with any special distinction: Mr. Christopher Whall, who has been making a delightful series of decorations for Douglas Castle chapel, though in his designs Sir Edward Burne-Jones is too evidently the inspiration; Mr. Nelson Dawson, of whose silver caskets and enamel decoration I have already had occasion to speak in my notices of the Academy; Mr. C. R. Ashbee, who in his jewelry and metal work reveals more originality than any other exhibitor. Mr. Ashbee's silver and gold chalices and tankards are always exquisite in form and delicate in workmanship, while his jewels are set with a gayety and extravagance of fancy which is refreshing even when the result is not altogether satisfactory. But, save for these exceptions, it seems almost as if with the older members there must perish, not only the doctrines which they have preached with so much eloquence, but all trace of their influence. Their achievement has been great; their disciples have inherited but their weakness.

I am forced to the same conclusion when I turn to the books and illustrations. There is a case of the Kelmscott series; almost all the other volumes are but so many slavish imitations. That the Kelmscott Press should have led to Birmingham is to me one of the saddest spectacles of the day. Even when one has not agreed with Mr. Morris, one has had but respect for his mistakes. For the futile pretences of his imitators, however, there is no feeling but impatience. And, indeed, nothing could be more tedious than a collection of books, like the present, based upon the Kelmscott model. Even Mr. Hugh Thomson's edition of 'Pride and Prejudice' comes as a relief, though one wonders if it would have found its way into the exhibition had it not been issued by the Allens, Mr. Ruskin's publishers. Mr. Ricketts and Mr. Shannon and Mr. Lucien Pissarro are sufficiently tainted themselves not to suffer from being seen in such company, though their work is immensely better than the childish productions of Birmingham. But it is curious to note that even in this sort of bookmaking the chief triumph has been left to America. Mr. Berkeley Updike of the Merrymount Press, Boston, shows 'The Altar Book,' with illustrations by Mr. R. Anning Bell and borders and initials by Mr. Bertram G. Goodhue; and there is not a volume from the Kelmscott Press that can compare with it in clean, clear, sharp black printing. It has some of the Kelmscott faults—the page is sadly overloaded with ornament—in fact, it is but a reëcho of Kelmscott; but, as a specimen of printing, it is admirable. The original illustrations are as monotonous, almost all being done after the same pattern. Mr. Anning Bell's are the exception. He is decidedly a man who has something to say for himself, and who endeavors to say it in his own fashion, though it may be within conventional limits. Perhaps he has done nothing more amusing this year than a set of designs for playing-cards, a charming improvement upon the average pack in vogue. Another experiment to be noted is Mr. J. D. Batten's water-color print of "The Harpies," which is the most successful color print of the kind he has yet done.

It seems almost as if the members of the Arts and Crafts Society had hesitated to rely entirely upon their own work to attract the public, for they have set apart a room for an exhibition of designs and cartoons and pictures by Ford Madox Brown, who has waited long to receive the honor which is his due. It is he without doubt—and few will now deny it—who was the true founder of Pre-Raphaelitism. It is impossible to read the letters of Rossetti without realizing how much he owed to the older painter, and it is as impossible to read the history of Pre-Raphaelitism without knowing that it would never have been, or at least never have been just what it was, but for Rossetti. It has not been easy hitherto to form an estimate of Ford Madox Brown's actual work, for so complete an exhibition of it has never before been held in London. Of course even this one does not include the most important examples—the decorations for the Manchester Town Hall, for instance, or the "Christ Washing the Feet of Peter" in the National Gallery. But few pictures are hung. However, in these few, and in the long series of designs, something of his career can be learned. That he himself passed through many phases is evident. There are early pencil sketches, especially one or two exquisite, tender studies of a mother and child, that suggest Ingres. An early picture of "Mary Queen of Scots" points to a period when Devéria and Delacroix must have been his masters. There is even a water-color of "Sterne and Mario" that recalls Rowlandson. But gradually he developed a method and style of his own; gradually his close and deferential study of nature led him to that minute attention to detail which the ardent young Pre-Raphaelites borrowed from him. One wishes that he had held nature in a little less respect, for too often it bewildered and misled him. Problems of light and atmosphere interested him long before they had begun to preoccupy the modern artist; his strange picture with the foolish name, "The Pretty Baa Lambs," is, in its background, a marvellous study of summer heat brooding over a wide green landscape. And not only this, there was no one who was happier, when he chose, in giving his impression of a scene, or a portion of it: in the "Cromwell at St. Ives" a cattle market is indicated with a masterly breadth that few painters could rival. But in both these pictures—and they are typical—excess of detail mars their effect as a whole; they are curious rather than beautiful. Madox Brown was, too, a great colorist; Rossetti never surpassed the rich splendor of his water-color of "The Younger Foscari," or the dainty harmony of his tiny "King René's Honeymoon." And he was a genuine humorist in paint, scarce a canvas or drawing failing to reveal some touch of comedy or fun—now in a poodle watching the grim tragedy of the "Death of Tristram," or again, perhaps, the fatuous expression on a lover's face, as in the "King René"; and yet the humor is never allowed to obtrude itself or to strike a false note. For a time forgotten, because of the greater noise made by the more self-conscious and younger reformers, the world has at last begun to recognize his true position. It is to the credit of the Arts and Crafts Society, of which he was a member from its foundation until his death, that it is now helping to make him still better known by so characteristic an exhibition of his work. N. N.

Correspondence.

SOUND MONEY, AND THEN HANDS OFF!

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The following extract from the second foot-note to the introduction to Kant's 'Streit der Facultäten' is just now of gravest significance to the American people. Its adaptability to our political needs justifies an applica-

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tion far different from that for which Kant so pertinently employed it:

"Ein französischer Minister berief einige der angesehensten Kaufleute zu sich, und verlangte von ihnen Vorschläge wie dem Handel auf zuhelfen sei, gleich als ob er darunter die beste zu wählen verstände. Nach dem Einer dies, der Andere das, in Vorschlag gebracht hatte, sagte ein alter Kaufmann der so lange geschwiegen hatte: 'Schafft gute Wege, schlagt gut Gelt, gebt ein promptes Wechselrecht, u. dgl.; übrigens aber lasst uns machen.'"

GEORGE M. FORTUNE.

PARIS, TEXAS, October 20, 1896.

ANOTHER CAMPAIGN FORGERY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have received a quarto pamphlet of forty pages by Horace F. Bartine, a member of the Fifty-first Congress from Nevada, "issued by the California Silver Campaign Committee, Baldwin Hotel, San Francisco, September, 1896," on the first page of which, as a sort of dedication, is printed in large type:

"WORDS OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

"Daniel Webster, in the 24th Congress, December 21, 1836, said: 'Gold and Silver is the money of the Constitution. The constitutional *standard of value is established and cannot be* overturned. TO OVERTURN IT WOULD SHAKE THE WHOLE SYSTEM. Gold and Silver at rates fixed by Congress constitutes the legal standard of value in this country, and neither Congress nor any State has authority to establish any other standard or dispose OF THIS.'"

On the day named, Mr. Webster made his speech in the Senate on the Specie Circular. Mr. Bartine probably relied on a general ignorance or forgetfulness of the well-known fact that neither this speech nor any ever delivered by Mr. Webster touched upon any branch of the present financial issue. The silver variety of monetary madness had not then developed in any form.

The Treasury order of July 11, 1836, known as the "Specie Circular," had directed that only gold, silver, and Virginia land-scrip should be received in payment for public lands, and Mr. Webster spoke in favor of a resolution to rescind this order. The first sentence of the alleged quotation is entirely spurious. That statement was not made by Mr. Webster, nor was the language of the remainder of the alleged quotation used by him as is pretended. In discussing what is legal-tender money under the Constitution, Mr. Webster said, in that part of his speech which was so forcibly quoted thirty-five years later in the legal-tender cases:

"The States are expressly prohibited from making anything but gold and silver a tender in payment of debts; and although no such express prohibition is applied to Congress, yet, as Congress has no power granted to it, in this respect, but to coin money and to regulate the value of foreign coins, it clearly has no power to substitute paper, or anything else, for coin, as a tender in payment of debts and in discharge of contracts. Congress has exercised this power, fully, in both its branches. It has coined money and still coins it; it has regulated the value of foreign coins, and still regulates their value. The legal tender, therefore, *the constitutional standard of value, is established and cannot be* overthrown. *To* overthrow *it would shake the whole system.*" (Webster's Works, vol. iv, p. 271.)

"I am certainly of opinion, then, that *gold and silver, at rates fixed by Congress*, constitute *the legal standard of value in this country; and* that *neither Congress nor any State has authority to establish any other standard, or* to displace *this.*" (Webster's Works, vol. iv, p. 280.)

The words of Mr. Webster which are used in this pretended quotation are italicized, showing the character of the falsification.

CHAS. B. WILBY.

CINCINNATI, October 19, 1896.

ENGLISH AT COLLEGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "The growing illiteracy of American boys" is becoming so familiar a phrase that, while scientifically investigating the fact, we are in danger of accepting the condition as inevitable; but could not the colleges as well as the preparatory school do more to remedy the evil? At present the requirements for admission to the best colleges are such that something must be slighted, or else the average age of entrance must be raised. Sufficient pressure is put upon the lower schools to force them to send up their boys fairly well equipped in the classics and in mathematics, but the English departments have not yet compelled the schools to give a thorough training in their study.

It seems to me that the fault lies as much with the colleges as with the schools, for whenever the lower teachers have a chance to prepare a course of study irrespective of college requirements, they invariably supply fuller and better work in English. In other words, they tacitly acknowledge that they would give better instruction in English if they were not so crowded in other branches that they must neglect the most important one.

If, as is sometimes said, time is wasted in the lower schools, it might be possible to put more English training into that available time. Otherwise, rather than raise the age of entrance to college, would it not be better to lower the requirements in some other studies in order to give opportunity for English?

I should like to suggest, also, that considerable blame attaches to the committees who hire teachers in the preparatory schools. If the teacher of Latin or mathematics or physics does not himself speak grammatically, or does not appreciate the more obvious distinctions between the right and the wrong words in conversation, how can the pupil be expected to describe an experiment or translate a foreign language with any accuracy? If the influence of the school were uniformly good for five or six hours a day, it might go far to counteract the illiterate tendency of much home training. E. M. BUCKINGHAM.

ADELPHI COLLEGE, BROOKLYN, N. Y., October 21, 1896.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The discussion in the *Nation* of October 15 of English teaching in the preparatory schools, although I agree with some of its conclusions, seems to ignore, as many similar discussions have ignored, a very essential difference between the work of the teacher of English composition and the work of teachers of other branches. The teacher of physics or Latin, for example, when he takes his new pupils in hand, finds them utterly ignorant of the subject, and perfectly conscious of their ignorance. They are to learn all they are to know of these subjects through the teacher, and nothing that they see or hear elsewhere in any way interferes with or counteracts the work of the laboratory or the class-room. Under competent teaching there may be something like the same accumulation of knowledge and power by every individual in the class. If this accumulation is not steady, symmetrical, well ordered, the difficulty lies, if not altogether with the teacher, at least between the teacher and pupil. There is no third party who can be blamed.

The situation of the composition teacher differs from this in every particular. He takes students at *fifteen or sixteen years* of age, who have been studying the art of English composition under various circumstances from their infancy, without any vacation, and for a good many hours a day. They suppose themselves to be entirely competent, their habits of expression are fixed, and no two of them are alike. The time they spent in the study of grammar or composition during their earlier schooling, even if well spent, has counted little in comparison with influences elsewhere. The home, the very cheap newspaper, the street, have furnished them with their common speech; and although the first of these may sometimes be all that can be desired, very often the balance of power belongs to the others.

When the student begins the study of composition in school, these agencies by no means cease to operate. Year by year they grow stronger. This is what is meant, I take it, by the reference, in the protest of the principals, to "the growing illiteracy of American boys" which you took as the title of your article. Under favorable circumstances the teacher of composition is allowed forty-five minutes a day for three years in which, besides teaching something of the history of literature, he is to counteract influences that have fifteen years the start of him, and fifteen times as great present opportunity. The only remarkable thing is that, under such circumstances, he accomplishes anything at all. Certainly, to *put upon him the entire responsibility for the* productions of his pupils is gross injustice. As a matter of fact, I believe he can have very little power. The whole problem, as the protest of the principals implies, lies further back than the secondary schools or any schools.

As an illustration of where the responsibility belongs, take the advertisements that glare upon us from every possible point of display. Perhaps no other one perversion of talent has done so much to vulgarize our speech, and yet we seem powerless to defend ourselves. Would it not be more profitable to organize a crusade against this acknowledged evil than to prepare with trumpet and drum for another onslaught on the defenceless teachers in the preparatory schools, who are already doing the best they can? WILLIAM F. BREWER.

BOZEMAN, MONTANA, October 19, 1896.

NOT SENATOR SUMNER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As your reviewer of Haweis's 'Travel and Talk' quotes two apparently distinct passages alluding to "Charles Sumner," I cannot be sure whether Mr. Haweis himself confounds Senator Charles Sumner with the Hon. Charles A. Sumner, sometime a member of the national House of Representatives, and a well-known attorney in San Francisco. Probably he does so. The Hon. Charles A. Sumner is a son of Judge Increase Sumner, a well-known citizen of Massachusetts, who resided for many years in Great Barrington, where he died a good many years ago. This Charles A. Sumner is he who met Mr. Haweis in England in 1883, in "Francisco" in 1893, of whom it may be truly said he is a man of "integrity and pluck," and also that he has "always been a fighter of monopolies and

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jobs." When in Congress he introduced a bill for a postal telegraph, a subject to which he has given great attention. If, as seems altogether probable, Mr. Haweis has confounded these two men, he certainly stands discredited as an observer of men. H.

[In the first passage we quoted from Mr. Haweis, the person in question is designated "Senator Charles Sumner."—Ed. Nation.]

Notes.

Ginn & Co. have nearly ready 'The Forms of Discourse,' with an introductory chapter on Style, by William B. Cairns of the University of Wisconsin.

D. C. Heath & Co. will shortly publish 'First Italian Readings,' by Prof. B. L. Bowen, of the Ohio State University.

Copeland & Day announce 'An Outland Journey,' by Walter Leon Sawyer, with fifty illustrations by R. F. Bunner; and 'Songs of Exile,' by Herbert Bates.

The forthcoming volume of Frederick Warne & Co.'s "Public Men of To-day" will be 'Grover Cleveland,' by James Lowry Whittle, with two portraits. They will issue directly the sixth and concluding volume of 'The Royal Natural History.'

'Sketches of Printers and Printing in Colonial New York,' a popular account, by Charles R. Hildeburn, will appear in a limited edition of 375 copies from the press of Dodd, Mead & Co.

Fresh announcements by G. P. Putnam's Sons are 'The Last Days of Knickerbocker Life in New York,' by the late Abram C. Dayton; 'A Romantic Voyage to Venezuela and the West Indies,' by Ira Nelson Morris; 'International Law,' a simple statement of principles, by Henry Wolcott Bowen; and 'The God-Idea of the Ancients; or, Sex in Religion,' by Eliza Burt Gamble.

Brentano's, No. 31 Union Square, New York, have been appointed sole agents of the publications of the American Jewish Historical Society.

Besides Mr. Dole's edition of FitzGerald's 'Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám,' we have received a pretty paper-covered copy from the Dodge Book and Stationery Company, San Francisco, including the translator's sketch of Omar's life and his notes, the text being of the last edition. The proof-reading is too defective to be depended upon, but the small type, in which the lines are unbroken, pleases us better than that, more open, of T. Y. Crowell & Co.'s edition, which has, however, the merit of appending the text of the first edition and all the variant readings, together with FitzGerald's "Salámán and Absál," after Jámí, Tennyson's tribute to "my Fitz," and the portrait of the latter for frontispiece.

Messrs. Crowell also offset Mr. Lang's new Life of Lockhart with a reprint of Lockhart's Life of Scott in two volumes; but it is Lockhart's own abridgment of 1848 that is here in question, though the work had the benefit of revision in accordance with the latest information about the author of 'Waverley.' We can hardly call these volumes handsomely made except as regards the binding. The type is large and readable in itself, but the page is pretty condensed. A like judgment we should pass on the same publishers' two-volume edition of Browning's Poems: mechanically it is something less than attractive. The editors of *Poet Lore*, Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke, contribute the introductory biography and appreciation; and there are several portraits of the poet. Finally, this firm presents anew Ormsby's translation of 'Don Quixote' in two volumes, with illustrations.

The classic just mentioned, in its present garb, may well be compared, with respect to taste, with the 'Gil Blas' (in Van Laun's version) just reproduced in four 16mo volumes by Gibbings & Co., London, and J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. We except at once the binding, which the Spanish colors do not adorn, but the letterpress is delightful, and the little books are readily held in the hand. The same English and American houses put their imprint on a six-volume edition of Lane's translation of the 'Arabian Nights,' and with equal success. A brief introduction by Joseph Jacobs and illustrations by Frank Brangwyn give a special stamp to this beautiful edition. Their 'Robert Burns: Poems and Songs Complete,' in four volumes, Messrs. Lippincott publish in connection with James Thin, Edinburgh, and again we have a handsome product of the press. It purports to be a popular edition in behalf of an "instructive and deeply interesting biographical study"; to which end the poems are "presented unabridged and untampered with, and arranged in chronological order, the date of each composition being recorded." The fourth volume consists of the late Prof. John Nichol's estimate of Burns.

Burns is very much in evidence this centennial year. Mr. Andrew J. George has conscientiously prepared for D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, a volume of Select Poems, with copious notes, a glossary, index, and bibliographical references, and it will be useful for reading in school or privately. Noticeable is the complete edition of Burns's Poetical Works, edited by J. Logie Robertson for the Clarendon Press (New York: Henry Frowde). The thin papers available in that establishment make possible the feat of filling 635 pages with large letter, and yet making a really slender book. The leaf is not so thin as to be annoyingly transparent. A chronological index supersedes a corresponding arrangement of the pieces, and there is the inevitable glossary with a sufficiency of notes. Of the same style and order of manufacture is the Oxford edition of Wordsworth's Poetical Works, with a compression of nearly 1,000 pages into a perfectly light and handy volume. The editorial work is from the competent hand of Thomas Hutchinson, who vouches for the inclusion of every piece of original verse known to have been published by the poet himself or authorized for posthumous publication, and who has taken the greatest pains with the capitals and the pointing. In the case of the minor poems he follows the arrangement of 1849–50, Wordsworth's own to the last. A chronological life-table is prefixed.

Well-conceived and tastefully executed are the initial volumes, of uniform appearance, of Kingsley's and Thackeray's novels, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons in connection with Service & Paton, London—'Hypatia' and 'Henry Esmond' respectively. They are printed in a bold type on laid paper, and bound in crimson cloth effectively gilt. The illustrations are pen-work, and are passable. The same combination gives us a still more elegant output in Carlyle's 'Sartor Resartus.' This, too, is the beginning of a series. Whistler's well-known portrait of the author faces the title.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. continue their uniform reimpression of Mrs. Stowe's works with 'Household Papers and Stories' and 'Uncle Tom's Cabin and Key.' The latter combination ought never to be abandoned. 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' will to the end of time remain an historical novel, and its verisimilitude will be questioned in one-half of this country for at least half a century to come. The documents, therefore—the 'Key'—do well to accompany it, refuting its assailants, and deepening the moral impression of the story. The 'Key' is by no means unreadable; it here fills half the second volume, but is comprehended only by extensive abridgment, involving whole chapters, some of which were in the nature of a general discussion of slavery from a Biblical point of view, and were not needful for a defence of the truthfulness of 'Uncle Tom.' This story, the foundation of the author's fame, properly leads in the Riverside Edition, and is accompanied by a biographical sketch of Mrs. Stowe, Charles Dudley Warner's "story of the story," and a bibliographical account of one of the greatest successes in literature. From the same firm comes 'A Year in the Fields,' a charming volume compiled from the writings of John Burroughs, and photographically illustrated by Clifton Johnson in a very intimate and personal way; the fine views showing this agreeable writer in his favorite environment, of wood and brook and Hudson River hillside, as well as about and in his own home.

A new and revised edition of President Jordan's 'Science Sketches' (Chicago: McClurg) has now appeared. In its present form the bibliography of scientific papers at the end of the book has been dispensed with, and, for the chapters on American bird nomenclature, "Darwin," "The Story of a Stone," and "The Evolution of a College Curriculum," have been substituted others on "Agassiz at Penikese," "The Fate of Iciodorum," "The Story of a Strange Land," and "How the Trout Came to California." As at present constituted, the book comprises nearly 300 pages of pleasantly written popular science, in which the science has the advantage of being the real article, written by one who knows, and not the far too common rehash of doubtful trivialities and obsolete sensations which often masquerades as science in books for the general reader.

The fifth volume of Dr. Hans Blum's 'Fürst Bismarck und seine Zeit' (Munich: Beck), was originally intended to be the final one; but as it covers a period of only eight years, ending with 1879, it was deemed advisable to add a sixth volume of 521 pages, bringing the work down to the celebration of Bismarck's eightieth birthday, on April 1, 1895. We shall not attempt to epitomize the author's interesting history of political events in Germany during the quarter of a century following the Franco-German war, but simply wish to call the reader's attention to the discussion of the Chancellor's internal policy. Shrewd and successful as Bismarck proved himself to be in diplomacy, he was a bungler in financial and economical affairs. His "Invaliditäts- und Altersversicherungsgesetz," which was designed to win the favor, by alleviating the lot, of the working classes, is, after nearly ten years' trial, generally acknowledged to be a failure, and is most severely denounced by those for whose benefit it was enacted. In financial matters Bismarck entertains a predilection for bimetallism without having any clear conception of what it means. It is a part and parcel of his agrarian programme, like the advocacy of a high tariff on American

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agricultural products for the profit of the Prussian landowner, regardless of its effect in increasing the cost of living for the poor. While in office he was wont to air this monetary whimsey in private over a glass of wine, but never seriously attempted to embody it in legislation. In 1886, when he was disposed to favor an agrarian movement for the formation of an "International Double-Standard League," the Prussian Minister of Finance, Von Scholz, pricked this Utopian bubble by putting a few pertinent questions to its promoters, and then effectually squelched the project by declaring that "no one who loves his country, and does not wish to betray his country, can advise the Government to join such a league."

Arsène Houssaye's 'Souvenirs de Jeunesse, 1830–1850' (Paris: Flammarion; New York: Brentano's) is light reading, and, considering the array of literary celebrities with which these reminiscences of an interesting period are interwoven, contains little of importance. Still, the book adds slightly to our knowledge of the men and women of the time. To learn that the poet of the 'Méditations' was in the habit of exclaiming, on the least provocation, "mille tonnerres de nom d'un diable" will be a surprise to many; to hear V. Hugo speak of Racine as a "maître d'études" is perhaps less unexpected. The author has not allowed himself to be troubled by promptings of discretion.

M. Henri Lavedan has gathered into a volume 'Les Petites Visites' (Paris: Calmann Lévy; New York: Brentano's), about a score of imaginary scenes from French social and family life, each of which involves a short visit. Most of the conversations are not particularly edifying, but there is a certain fascination about them all, due perhaps as much to the serious undertone as to the charm of language and vivacity of dialogue.

The heroine of Flagy's 'Cœur d'Or' (Paris: Calmann Lévy; New York: Brentano's) represents a type of the woman with one passion only, viz., ambition; but her individual character, as well, is strongly marked and well brought out in the course of her extraordinary career. The bright, fair, and strong-willed daughter of a retired officer, she rises from her modest and lonely existence first to the position of a lady of rank and wealth, and subsequently, by a second marriage, to that of a sovereign princess, without recourse to seductive arts, neither feeling nor wishing to inspire love. Her moral conduct, in the narrower sense, is irreproachable from beginning to end; ambition has engrossed her heart to the exclusion of all other passions, good or evil. The story is decidedly out of the common order. It may not be generally known that "Flagy" is the nom de plume of the aged widow of the Comte de Mirabeau, the daughter of Colonel de Gonneville.

The *Geographical Journal* for October opens with an account of a journey in the valley of the upper Euphrates, made two years ago for the purpose of discovering traces of the Roman system of defences of this eastern frontier of the Empire. A peculiar interest appertains to it from the fact that the region visited has been the scene of the most recent Armenian massacres. In Egin, a town of about 15,000 inhabitants, there was in 1894 some complaint on the part of the Armenians of Turkish oppression, but there was no excited religious feeling, and outwardly "perfect toleration was exercised by Moslem to Christian, and vice versa." A day's journey to the north was Pingan, a village of about two hundred Armenian families, where there was "an excellent school, served by two French-speaking teachers, and a reading-room furnished with journals and reviews in the Armenian language." Mr. J. Theodore Bent describes a visit to the northern Sudan coast of the Red Sea. Traces of ancient gold mines were abundant. In one place the ruins of at least seven or eight hundred huts can still be seen, and scattered about are hundreds of crushing-stones. There are also numerous structures very similar to the ancient buildings in Mashonaland in South Africa. Dr. Sven Hedin's account of his passage of a desert in Chinese Turkistan contains a terribly graphic picture of suffering from thirst, hardly to be equalled in literature.

The principal article in the *Scottish Geographical Magazine* is Major L. Darwin's address before the geographical section of the British Association. It was chiefly upon developing the resources of tropical Africa through the construction of railways. Laying down the principle that none should be built in a region with a population of less than eight per square mile, he described the different routes into the interior, those projected as well as those in course of construction.

The opening of the port of Hangchow to foreign commerce on September 26, in accordance with the Japanese treaty, gives a timely interest to Mr. John Fowler's account of this place in the Consular Reports for September. The capital of a province with a population of thirty-five millions, the terminus of the Grand Canal (the great waterway of eastern China), and "the centre of the most extensive silk and tea districts in the world," it is the richest city in the empire. Its opening to foreign commerce promises not only to revolutionize the tea trade, but also to develop other industries, especially the cultivation of cotton and the establishment of silk and cotton mills. In anticipation of a great demand for machinery and other foreign goods, "English, French, German, and Japanese are all on the *qui vive*, making every preparation, flooding the country with catalogues, sending agents to Hangchow, and even trying to obtain choice sites for mercantile purposes"; but, so far as our consul knows, "not an American has made a move in the matter." This was written a year ago and, possibly, may not hold good now, the reason of this inactivity being, in Mr. Fowler's judgment, the fact that American interests in the East are almost wholly represented by British subjects. Tables of the exports and imports of the neighboring port of Ningpo are given, as well as a useful list of articles most in demand by the people. There is also an interesting account of an extensive journey in the Congo Free State by our commercial agent, together with statistical and other information. The figures are for 1894, and the outlook then was far from promising. The expenses of administration were a million and a half dollars, while the revenue, apart from subsidies, was six hundred thousand. The total value of the exports was $1,690,836.48.

The Report of the Commissioner of Education for 1893–94 follows closely upon that for the preceding year. Though the importance of the statistical matter which necessarily takes up a considerable portion of the two volumes is not to be underrated, educators, we presume, will prize especially the various contributions by competent writers on educational history, science, and methods, as bearing directly upon their work. Such are, among others, the article on "Educational Values," from Commissioner Harris's own pen, those on "The Psychological Revival," on "Sanitary Legislation affecting the Schools," on "Public Instruction in Italy," on "Education in Central Europe"—this last with an appended "German Bibliography of the History and Methods of Arithmetic," which, however, in spite of its two hundred and thirty-one titles, is neither new nor adequate, as specialists will easily discover.

The splendid hospitality of the École Pratique des Hautes Études is shown by the *liste des élèves*, published in the *Annuaire* of 1897 for the Historical and Philological Section. Here we find no exclusion either of sex or nationality. Armenians, Turks, Jews, Germans, Englishmen, and Americans are alike admitted as workers in this industrious hive of learning, directed by the highest intelligence of the Republic. Its catholicity in another direction is proved by such suggestive entries as the following: "Tchernitsky, Antoinette de, née a Swiridowka (Russe), and Witkowsky, Esther, née a Chicago, fellow de l'Univ. de Chicago." The indefatigable character of these scientific labors is hinted at in the report of one student of Old French, who was sent to Oxford to search for rare old words in the MSS. of certain Jewish commentators on the Talmud. He reports a collection of thirty-nine words discovered by reading through 1,292 pages of manuscript. The names of the directors and lecturers embrace such masters as MM. Monod, Maspero, Gaston Boissier, Michel Bréal, Oppert, and Lebègue. An instructive and sympathetic memoir of Joseph Derenbourg, late Professor of Rabbinical and Talmudic Hebrew, is contributed by M. Carrière. We shall have occasion hereafter to revert to the luminous essay, by M. Maspero, entitled "Comment Alexandre devint Dieu en Égypte."

A prize of £50, to be called the Welby Prize, is offered for the best treatise upon the following subject: "The causes of the present obscurity and confusion in psychological and philosophical terminology, and the directions in which we may hope for efficient practical remedy." Competition is open to those who, previously to Oct. 1, 1896, have passed the examinations qualifying for a degree at some European or American university. The committee of award (whose names will be published early in 1897) will consider the practical utility of the work submitted to them as of primary importance. The essays may be written in English, French, or German, must be typewritten and extend to at least 25,000 words. They should be headed by a motto, and accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the name of the writer. Manuscript from America should be sent to Prof. E. B. Titchener, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., and must reach its address not later than Oct. 1, 1897. The right of publication of the successful treatise is reserved.

We some time ago announced that a prize was offered, for general competition, for an essay in the history of religious liberty in America, for which the money ($200) had been placed in the hands of the president of Brown University. We now learn that the prize was obtained by Miss M. Louise Greene of New Haven, Conn., whose essay was on the history of the movement towards disestablishment and complete religious liberty in Connecticut. The donor, anonymous hitherto, is announced to be the Hon. Oscar S. Straus.

By a natural, yet not wholly excusable, error in our last issue, the sex of Prof. Dugard, author of 'La Société Américaine,' was mis-

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represented. Miss Dugard is professor in the Paris Lycée Molière.

—Complementary to Bulletin No. 6 of the Bureau of Rolls and Library of the Department of State, a calendar of letters from Jefferson, is the newly issued No. 8, letters to him (in the main). All his fellow-Presidents, from Washington to William H. Harrison, inclusive, except Van Buren, are more or less copiously represented, along with Sam Adams, Callender, Duane, Gallatin, Genet, Gerry, Granger, Meriwether Lewis, Thomas Paine, Lafayette, and many other eminent personages. The political current of the time is more or less discernible in the abstracts of letters from such correspondents, which show what a centre their recipient was; but quite as striking evidence of Jefferson's multifarious interests and intellectual attachments comes from other sources. In 1803 John Brightthought writes to him from Baltimore respecting a machine for printing calico; in 1805 John Chamberlin wants his encouragement for a proposed work on government; in 1787 Benjamin Hawkins will gratify his request for plants and seeds and a Cherokee and Choctaw vocabulary; in 1784, Francis Hopkins confers with him about air-balloons and a harpischord; in 1800, Robert R. Livingston passes judgment on his invention of a mold-board, etc., etc. Then there are innumerable demands for personal advice or assistance, with occasional offers of gifts—a saddle from Stephen Burrowes, his own bust from Joseph Ceracchi — which he accepts on being allowed to pay for them. Most amusing of all is the long series of letters from Mrs. Lucy Paradise, a Virginian whose domestic affairs were anything but paradisaical, her husband being given to liquor and in pecuniary straits; she hears that he gets drunk after receiving her letters, but in the end she reports his condition as "not drunk, but nervous," and the family peace seems restored—thanks, evidently, to Jefferson's good offices. Altogether this calendar is an impressive reminder of qualities which make Jefferson the most interesting of all the Fathers.

—That the world forgets very soon is evidently the opinion of Mr. John Ashton, for he now turns his antiquarian attention to the reign of William IV., in 'When William IV. was King' (D. Appleton & Co.). We shrink from questioning the justice of any view he may form on the subject. A publisher's list at the end of this volume shows that he is already responsible for twenty-eight works, mostly antiquarian. In some cases, indeed, their titles are printed in old English spelling. Thus qualified, he ought to know what the public needs to be told about the past and also what it will buy. The 350-odd pages now offered consist of clippings from the *Times*, the *Annual Register*, Greville's 'Memoirs,' and a few more equally recondite sources. We cannot guess what other people may think of Mr. Ashton's productions, but for ourselves we prefer going straight to 'Chambers's Book of Days' whenever we have an hour to browse in the succulent pasture of scraps and gossip. They are about equally systematic, and Chambers is more comprehensive. It ought, however, to be stated for the benefit of those who are addicted to Mr. Ashton, that 'When William IV. was King' maintains his usual standard of text and exceeds his usual standard of illustration. The chief trouble with it is that we all feel familiar enough with the period to find his jottings and excerpts either tame or inadequate. Had the general social atmosphere changed a good deal more than it has done, they might be more interesting. We are less hard to please when Mr. Ashton plunges back to 'Humor, Wit, and Satire of the Seventeenth Century,' or even to 'Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne.' But so near home he is a trifle dull. Perhaps an exception should be made in favor of his notes on children in factories, Dotheboys Hall, and the Hon. S. Wortley's election bill of 1830. Even Mr. Lodge, after reading the latter document, will be constrained to admit that the English, though still far from electoral perfection, have made some progress towards it in the last sixty-five years.

—The interest which French scholars have again begun to take in the study of German literature is a gratifying evidence of the healing power of time. It has been frankly admitted by the French themselves that they were too much given over to self-admiration; the rest of the world was disregarded. "Who among the subjects of Louis XIV.," exclaims M. Mézières, "except the exiled St.-Evremond, had any suspicion of the genius of Milton?" And Boileau, although he wrote of epic poetry and the drama, knew nothing of 'Paradise Lost' or of the plays of Shakspere. In the eighteenth century, men like Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, and others opened the eyes of their countrymen to the intellectual life of the neighboring peoples. It was England to which attention was first directed and which exercised the greatest influence, but from Mme. de Staël to Edmond Scherer the interest of the French in German letters steadily grew until the war of 1870 broke off all relations. Although France, during the last quarter of a century, has occupied herself with the literatures of the world more perhaps than ever before, patriotism has turned the French mind away from the study of German thought. The gradual resumption of relations was primarily the work of the Wagnerites like Lamoureux and Jullien. German music has won, and now there is evidence of a renewed interest in German literature. Prof. Grucker of Nancy, after his exhaustive studies in the pigtail age of Gottsched, published the Life of Lessing which was reviewed in these columns last March. Inspired perhaps by this work, M. Mézières of the French Academy has written for the September number of *Cosmopolis* the most luminous bit of appreciative criticism that France has yet contributed to the study of Lessing. To the unprejudiced reader it is a pleasure to see, in the cordiality and fairness of M. Mézières's tone, the promise that German literature is once more to receive its due at the hands of French scholars.

—Lessing's frank recognition of the debt he owed to Diderot constitutes a strong claim upon French sympathies. In attacking the formalism of the classic French drama he was doing only what Diderot had done before him, and M. Mézières implies that Lessing deserves well of France for having put into her hand a different mirror from that in which she had so long been admiring herself. Moreover, Lessing's criticism had no touch of Chauvinistic acrimony; it was no part of his purpose to make English taste the sole arbiter. If the 'Dramaturgie' exalted Shakspere and the Greeks, 'Laokoon' was directed against one phase of the English influence which was threatening Germany, namely, the false word-painting of Thomson's 'Seasons,' while in France Lessing would have recognized in Mérimée and Maupassant the products of his own teachings. He established, as M. Mézières puts it, the school of faithful and idiomatic translation which produced Schlegel and the elder Voss, and which has made the knowledge of the German language a key to the literatures of the world. The creative character of Lessing's criticism revived Germanic traditions, so long interrupted, and handed them over as a national heritage to the poets who had already arisen. "Productive" was the adjective which Friedrich von Schlegel applied to this kind of criticism, himself one of its greatest exponents. "Le critique a charge d'âmes," says M. Mézières, and for such men as Diderot and Lessing, though they left no great works of art behind them, he claims a place "parmi les premiers après les plus grands."

—Considering the indebtedness of modern culture to Italy, our histories of education do but scant justice to the contributions of Italian writers to the science of pedagogy. A recent volume by Prof. G. B. Gerini, 'Gli Scrittori Pedagogici Italiani del Secolo Decimoquinto' (Turin: G. B. Paravia), calls to mind in a forcible manner the almost total neglect of the earlier Italian humanists by authors of text-books on educational history. One has to turn to general works on the Renaissance rather, like G. Voigt's and Ludwig Geiger's, for information concerning their work and influence. Compayré, in his deservedly popular 'History of Pedagogy,' devotes a short paragraph each to Vittorino da Feltre and Aeneas Silvius Piccolomini; but of several other important educators of the fifteenth century that helped to adapt the ideas of the ancients to the requirements of a Christian education, he mentions not even the names. While drawing their inspiration and ideas almost exclusively from Plato and Aristotle, from Cicero, Quintilian, and Plutarch, some of these writers and teachers, like Vergerio, Vegio, and others, anticipated in more than one essential point the teachings of Locke, Fénelon, Basedow, Pestalozzi, Fröbel, etc. Their lack of philosophical insight, their inadequate conception of female education, and their failure to sympathize with anything like our modern ideas of popular instruction, have not prevented them from exerting an influence which often, as in the case of Vittorino, Piccolomini, and Guarino, extended beyond the boundaries of their native land. Prof. Gerini's book fills a gap in the history of educational thought, and will be the most highly appreciated by those who conceive of the history of pedagogy as an account of the continuous development of ideas rather than a record of special theories and practices attaching to a few famous names.

—The collected opinions of more than one hundred leading professors in twenty German universities, on a question involving radical changes in the whole fabric of modern society, form, it may be imagined, a weighty document. Its very title is imposing: 'Die Akademische Frau: Gutachten hervorragender Universitätsprofessoren, Frauenlehrer und Schriftsteller über die Befähigung der Frau zum wissenschaftlichen Studium und Berufe,' edited by Arthur Kirchhof (Berlin: H. Steinitz). The fulness of the title relieves us from quoting verbatim the questions which these men, most of them the highest authorities in their respective fields, were requested to answer. Their replies are arranged by faculties and departments, and range in length from a few lines to several pages. Some of the writers are reserved and undecided, a few positively averse to the higher education of women, but the great majority are surprisingly progressive for a set of men whom we naturally count

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among the conservative social forces. Among the former are some theologians and jurists. An almost pathetic instance in the second class is the categorical declaration of the philologian Wüstenfeld, of Göttingen, now almost a nonagenarian, "dass ich der Zulassung von weiblichen Personen zu akademischen Studien . . . *entschieden entgegenstimme.*" The members of the faculties of psychology and philosophy, twelve in number, are remarkably unanimous in their support of the new idea. Eduard von Hartmann, however, holding, as he does, that a liberal and general intellectual culture is obtainable only from reading, that the Gymnasia are nothing but "schablonenhafte Drillanstalten für den geistigen Mittelschlag," and the universities no longer institutions for the study of the *humaniora*, does not anticipate, from the admission of women to academic studies, happiness for them or for society, but he would not deny them that doubtful privilege. Interesting statements are contributed by Prof. Felix Klein, the well-known Göttingen mathematician (recently the guest of Princeton), and Prof. Dr. med. Franz von Winckel of Munich, who has nothing but words of praise for the female assistants, more than forty in number, who have been his co-workers in his medical and professorial career, and all but one of whom are at present earning their living as practitioners. A dozen or more eminent authors are hearty supporters of higher education for women, while the opinions of the few teachers in higher schools for girls which have been given room in the volume are divided.

FRANCKE'S SOCIAL FORCES IN GERMAN LITERATURE.

Social Forces in German Literature: A Study in the History of Civilization. By Kuno Francke, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of German Literature in Harvard University. Henry Holt & Co. 1896. Pp. 577.

PROF. FRANCKE'S work more than fulfils the promise of its title. It not only describes the social forces that have been operative in German literature, but also, and especially during the last one hundred and fifty years, it treats that literature as itself one of the most potent of these forces in shaping new social conditions. The range of vision is comprehensive, but the details are not obscured. The splendid panorama of German literature is spread out before us from the first outburst of heroic song in the dim days of the migrations, down to the latest disquieting productions of the Berlin School. If on so extensive a canvas there is here and there a faulty bit of perspective, a point of too vivid color, an occasional incongruity in the grouping, we none the less owe a debt of gratitude to the author who has led us to a commanding height, and pointed out to us the kingdoms of the spirit which the genius of Germany has conquered.

Prof. Francke's purpose is to show that there has been reflected in German literature "a continual struggle between individualistic and collectivistic tendencies — a struggle which may be said to be the prime motive power of all human progress." But the struggle is not that one tendency shall triumph over the other; the aim is that neither shall triumph, and the equipoise be maintained. In the book itself Prof. Francke does not always make it clear that this is his conception of the matter, but in the preface he expressly states that "those ages and those men in whom the individualistic and collectivistic tendencies are evenly balanced, produce the works of literature which are truly great." This is sound doctrine, and yet we cannot avoid the suspicion that Prof. Francke is something of a socialist; and if, as he seems to indicate, we are approaching a socialistic era, it shall cause us no mental wrench to carry his thesis to its logical conclusion, and assert that we are in that case approaching a period of disaster from which we can only hope that, out of the upheaval which the conflict of socialism with the irrepressible individual must occasion, there may evolve itself a new status in which the two forces shall again be balanced.

In each of the great epochs of German literature a culmination is reached in which the essential characteristics of the age are summed up in its highest representatives. It is a great merit of the author's method of presentation that in each period he discovers the elements out of which the next period is to be developed. By these subtle transitions the real continuity of growth is clearly brought out. The age of the migrations was doubtless individualistic, but its characteristic virtue was *Treue*, faithfulness—not "faith," as on p. 30, for the word is seldom free from an irrelevant subsidiary meaning. It was this strong national trait that, during the incursions upon the tottering empire of Rome, supplied by force of custom the authority which pertains to law; and this was the force, too, which in the course of centuries developed the feudal system and established the imperial power of the Hohenstaufen. The twelfth and thirteenth centuries were the most brilliant epochs in the history of German literature before Goethe. Surely here the two social forces may be said to have been "evenly balanced," but Prof. Francke calls the age of Frederick II., Walther von der Vogelweide, and Wolfram von Eschenbach exclusively collectivistic. It was an age, indeed, of lofty idealism, which the author associates with the collectivistic tendency, and it suits his purpose well to find at the very climax of this epoch the beginnings of an individualistic reaction in the direction of realism. In other words, the collectivistic tendency, beginning to get the upper hand, precipitated this reaction, which culminated in the reassertion of individualism through the Reformation. With this we have no quarrel, but we think Prof. Francke has failed to give due weight to the individualistic forces of the Hohenstaufen age.

"Wonderful and incomprehensible" are the adjectives which the author appropriately applies to the sixteenth century. Other great movements have accomplished their purposes, and out of the fulness of their achievements we can judge them. The Reformation was a great movement that failed, and we lack the final criteria for the complete understanding of that pregnant but futile time. Luther was unable to control the era of individualism which he had inaugurated, and Germany descended into the chaos of the Thirty Years' War. But if through individualism the nation had fallen, through individualism also she worked out her own salvation in the slow and painful process of two hundred years. In an individualistic spirit the great men of the classic age began their work, and it issued in the adoption of collectivistic ideals. Herder, says Prof. Francke, "conceived of all history as a conscious or unconscious striving after a harmonious blending of individual and collective forces." Kant discovered the same ideal in the intellectual and moral nature of man. Goethe, while regarding the highest culture of the individual as the crown of all, nevertheless taught in 'Wilhelm Meister' and "Faust" the gospel of human solidarity. The two opposing forces regained their equipoise. This, in brief, is the course of events as interpreted by Prof. Francke.

Before passing to the specifically literary aspects of the work, we have some doubts to express as to the validity of the contention that the individualistic tendency necessarily takes literary form in realism, and the collectivistic in idealism. These doubts arise at many points; but when we come to romanticism, which, as Prof. Francke says, was "individualism run mad," by what stretch of that elastic word can this be called realistic? We incline to the belief that the occasional correspondence between the social forces and the literary modes is accidental, and that realism and idealism in their alternation are governed by other laws than those which regulate the progress of society.

The author's characterization of the different literary epochs is lucid, and, except that his main thesis as to the balancing of the social forces at the culmination of an epoch is not always sufficiently emphasized, his exposition is admirable. Particularly interesting is the comparison he draws between the rude heroism of the migration and the courtly civilization of the Middle High German age. The heroic figures which arose in those days of wandering and war have accompanied the people in their progress through the centuries, taking new forms in altered times, until they received their latest, but probably not their last, embodiment in the music dramas of Wagner. These old sagas assumed the form in which we know them about the twelfth century. Some coarse realistic touches of the elder time still cling to them, but in the main they reflect the ideals of a cultured age. There is a psychological study of character and a fine appreciation of the spiritual life of which the brawny singers of the migration had no conception. The complex character of Gudrun, the poetic grace of Siegfried and the younger Kriemhild, and the moral elevation of Ruediger, whom Prof. Francke, with one of his illuminating comparisons, calls the Max Piccolomini of the 'Nibelungenlied,' all mark the advance which German culture had made since the grim days of the Waltharilied and the Hildebrand fragment. Poetry had passed into the hands of the knightly order when chivalric culture had reached its height, and it attained its highest perfection in the wonderful age of the Hohenstaufen.

In the "realistic frankness," or rather outrageous coarseness, of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, Prof. Francke sees a protest against the conventions of chivalry. These conventions had been carried to a ridiculous extreme, and the common sense of mankind revolted; the undercurrent of coarseness, never absent in any age, came to the surface uncontrolled by conventions of any sort. The beginnings of this realistic reaction are to be found in the "Neidharte" of the thirteenth century and were deeply deplored by Walther von der Vogelweide. It was then, as we have said, that the individualistic era began which lasted under the most varied forms down to the middle of the eighteenth century. In the dreary literary annals of this long period the sixteenth century alone possesses universal interest.

The Humanists receive somewhat cool treatment at Prof. Francke's hands. He regards them as destroyers only, and their literary work as sarcastic rather than appreciative. We regret that one of the most brilliant and

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effective satires of the world's literature should have been passed over with a mere mention, the famous 'Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum.' David Strauss has aptly compared this work to 'Don Quixote.' Each treats of an outgrown and therefore ridiculous mode of thought contrasted with the spirit of a new age, and by the touch of genius both works are raised out of the realm of mere timely satire into that of genuine humor. It accords with Prof. Francke's point of view to see in the later years of Luther the beginning of the literary decline, and to class Sachs and Fischart as exceptions. To us it appears rather that it was not until the last part of the century that the descent began; then, indeed, life had ceased to present worthy themes, and literature became the making of bricks without straw. But amid the confusing data of an age of high promise unfulfilled, perhaps the cleanliest shift is to take refuge in the author's "incomprehensible" sixteenth century. Its true history is yet to be written, but we venture to prophesy that, when it is, the Humanist movement, though only an episode in the great Reformation, will be seen to have been the force which reappeared later in the splendid pages of Winckelmann, of Herder, and of Lessing.

The petty and pedantic literature of the seventeenth century is treated with a kindly forbearance, born of the wonder that among a people so crushed and disorganized there should have been even these traces of intellectual energy. But we wonder that such cordial praise should be given to a few wretched examples of "the Protestant drama" which were based on the traditions of Terence. These are singled out as the beginnings of a national dramatic literature, instead of the equally wretched but more workmanlike and Germanic plays which grew out of the influence of the English comedians. We cannot understand in what sense the former were more democratic than the latter. To be sure, it makes little difference which seed would have sprouted since all were killed, but to us the line of development seems to have been from Hans Sachs through Ayrer and Duke Julius to Gryphius. Prof. Francke greatly underestimates Gryphius. Scherer, with clearer appreciation, speaks of him as the one who stood "for all that the Thirty Years' War had left of a German Shakspere." He had in him the stuff of a great tragic poet, and to rank him, as most historians do, with the inane representatives of the First Silesian School is to do an injustice to the greatest German dramatist before Schiller. After him the further we advance towards the middle of the eighteenth century, the deeper the literary degradation. The disastrous war had far-reaching effects: the human mind lay fallow. But if we regard this time as a period of recuperative sleep, we may agree with our author in considering it less as an age of decay than of necessary preparation for the development of a new society.

With the advent of Lessing the fresh, bracing air of modern thought disperses the mists of seventeenth century sentimentality. We are warned not to lay too much stress upon the English influence as opposed to French in the pages of Lessing, for many of his weapons had come "from the critical forge of Diderot." But Diderot himself, to carry out the figure, procured his bellows in England. Throughout this work the English influences are neglected, from the time of the English comedians down to the great Shaksperian revival a century ago. In a book written from a purely literary standpoint this would be a serious defect. To the classic age of German letters Prof. Francke devotes more than half his volume. The rehabilitation which he denies to Gryphius he accords with liberality to Klopstock and Wieland, and with warmth to Herder and Kleist. That the two former had a message for their time cannot be doubted. The period of enlightenment, exemplified in politics by Frederick the Great, found its literary representation in the exalted idealism of Klopstock and the wide culture of Wieland. The injudicious praise of Klopstock as the German Milton elicited from Coleridge the caustic comment, "Very *German*," but Prof. Francke forestalls this kind of criticism by taking the "Messias" out of the class of epics and calling it an oratorio, to be ranked with the works of Bach and Handel. These two names are several times curiously coupled in these pages as *par nobile fratrum*. The omission of Bach would render the comparison with Klopstock more apt, but the author goes so far in his apologia as to admire and quote "Die beiden Musen," in which the Muses of Britain and Germany run a foot-race, kicking up clouds of dust, perspiring and breathing heavily. We have still less sympathy with the laudatory superlatives with which Prof. Francke attempts to rescue the works of Wieland from their dusty repose. What though 'Agathon' was the best novel between 'Simplicissimus' and 'Meister,' and, as Lessing said, "the first and only novel for a thinking man of classic tastes"? We live in other times, and to-day the book is practically unreadable. It is our conviction that Wieland and Klopstock must rest content with the lofty place they deserved and won in the *history* of their national literature.

But with the splendid works of Schiller, the exalted conceptions of Herder, and the brilliant creations of Kleist, the case is different, and these glowing tributes will find a grateful echo in the hearts of all who love the rich literature of Germany. The plea for Schiller's "Jungfrau von Orleans," and especially for the superb "Braut von Messina," is bold and admirable; for "Tell" the pleader is obliged to make too many concessions. In the treatment of the writings on "Æsthetics," we miss any reference to the excellent lectures of the late Heinrich von Stein, 'Zur Aesthetik der deutschen Klassiker,' which are by far the best contribution of recent times to the discussion of this fascinating theme. Herder's importance is set forth in a convincing manner. To him, in some ways, as much as to Lessing, belongs the glory of having inaugurated the new era. He conceived of poetry, says Goethe, as "a gift to the world and to all peoples, and not the private heritage of a few refined and cultured men." He restored the Volkslied to German literature. He was the father of the modern evolutionary view of history. As to Kleist, those who do not know him will think Prof. Francke's words exaggerated, but they are true: his creations are invested with "a halo of immortal poetry." Of the 'Prinz von Homburg' it is written that "the history of literature knows of no other poetic production which . . . in a more emphatic manner manifested [*sic*] in itself the concentrated thought of a whole epoch than does this wonderful poem." Kleist was potentially the greatest dramatist Germany has produced, and his 'Michael Kohlhaas' is the best short story in the language. When he said, referring to Goethe: "Ich werde ihm den Kranz von der Stirne reissen," it was more than an idle boast; but the indifference of his countrymen drove him to suicide at the age of thirty-five.

In the treatment of "Faust," Prof. Francke's general plan compels him to take the two parts separately as products of two different periods, but it is entirely beside the mark to speak of an "original" and of a "later" conception. As well might one call Dante's "Inferno" the original conception of his 'Commedia,' and "Paradiso" a later one. "Faust" is an organic whole. We think that this is also Prof. Francke's view, for he cites among the most recent commentaries those of Baumgart and Valentin, who are both advocates of the unity of the poem. It was conceived as a whole from the beginning, and there is some evidence that the essential idea of the Second Part was in Goethe's mind before the Gretchen incident had taken shape.

We have left little space for the interesting chapter on Romanticism. The author regards this movement as a retrogression; the classic age turning back upon itself to the extravagance of the *Sturm und Drang*. This will serve as a broad generalization—both movements were "individualism run mad"; but the earlier movement was the rousing of the national genius in conscious though unchastened strength, the later one was the disappointed spirit of Germany taking refuge from the gloom of the present in the glories of the past—a mediæval renaissance. The *Sturm und Drang* sought for a land of freedom until Goethe cut the Gordian knot with "America is here or nowhere!" Romanticism went in quest of the mysterious "blue flower," and lost its footing in reality altogether. The work of men like the Grimms and Uhland is all that remains as a permanent acquisition of the human race.

The few errors in the book are insignificant. One of them Prof. Francke has corrected in these columns. The attention of the student should be called to the fact that, although Willmann's edition of Walther von der Vogelweide is the one named, the poems are all cited according to the numeration of Lachmann's. The frequent departures from the orthodox estimates are the result of the new view-point. They are often a distinct addition to our knowledge; much that has long been pigeonholed in our memory is brought forth to receive new meaning and importance, and we are stimulated by the new groupings of the literary phenomena. If we have ventured to disagree with the author in matters of detail, it is with the consciousness that he has excellent arguments for his own position. To the study of German literature in its organic relation to society this book is the best contribution in English that has yet been published.

PALMER MEMORIALS.—II.

Memorials. Part I. Family and Personal. 1766–1865. By Roundell Palmer, Earl of Selborne. Macmillan. 1896.

WHILE we find the keynote of these memorials in the author's religious experiences and theological interests, we must not altogether pass by his academic, legal, and parliamentary life. Roundell Palmer received his first intellectual training in a class taught by his father. The other members of the class were his brothers William and Tom. Rising early, they read the Psalms of the day and then proceeded with their classics. They began Latin at five years old and Greek at six. By the time they were nine they had made a good start in Virgil and Horace, in prose and

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verse translation, and had begun the Greek Testament. *Pari passu* they did Shakspere, Milton, and other English classics. They had the run of a good library, and their faculty of observation was strengthened by outdoor lessons in the habits of birds and animals. The plates of Harris's 'British Lepidoptera' lured them on to the study of entomology. It was at Rugby, where he was sent in 1823, that Roundell Palmer came into competition with other boys and began to prove his mettle. Two years later, at the age of thirteen, he became a commoner at Winchester, then under the headmastership of David Williams. As a Wykehamist his contemporaries were Lowe, Cardwell, and W. G. Ward. With Ward he was on good terms, with Cardwell he formed a life-long intimacy, but his most valuable discipline came from rivalry with Lowe.

"To Robert Lowe (afterwards Lord Sherbrooke) I was under great intellectual obligations. Both from our place in the school—next to each other—and from other circumstances, we were very much thrown together. . . . A successful rivalry with him was not possible without effort, and the effort was constantly made. We did not always agree, for he was capable then, as since, of saying pungent things; and certain physical disadvantages under which he labored, and which he bravely overcame, sometimes tasked his high spirit and his naturally generous temper. But our friendship did not suffer upon the whole because we sharpened each other's wits."

Five years of Winchester brought Palmer youthful laurels. They also brought him care and responsibility in the form of præfect's duties, under which he groaned. In 1830 he was released and entered Oxford with an open scholarship at Trinity.

Lord Selborne's recollections of Oxford are for the most part personal and do not attempt a general survey of academic conditions. This is to be regretted, for the Oxford of 1830-33 was a centre of note, and Palmer's immediate set—Claughton, Thomas, Charles Wordsworth, Wickens, and Frederic Faber—while very good men, hardly deserve to monopolize his sole attention. An editor's note contains the remarkable list of his prizes, ended by a first-class, the Eldon scholarship, and a fellowship at Magdalen. Wordsworth's poetry was then a vital force at both universities. Palmer made it his guiding star.

"I know no other reading (except the Bible) of which the influence upon myself has been so profound and lasting. From Wordsworth I learnt, in Frederic Faber's company, large human sympathies. Wordsworth interpreted to me the language of nature as speaking to the heart of man; the beauty of everything real and true, the Divine voice everywhere, the worthlessness of whatever is artificial and conventional, in comparison with the common bond and heritage of mankind. . . . Neither in those Oxford days, nor since, have I felt the presence of any discord in his works. A few of them, taken apart from the rest, may be thought trivial; but I think there are none which have not moved my feelings and helped to strengthen my heart."

Gladstone was at his zenith in the "Union" when Palmer began to speak there. After Gladstone graduated, the Conservatives were represented by Ward, Rickards, and Palmer, while the Liberal leaders were Cardwell, Lowe, and Tait. Each of these in turn became president of the society. In the spring of 1834 Palmer took his degree, and, before entering at Lincoln's Inn, acted for above a year as tutor to Lord Maidstone, the only son of Lord Winchelsea.

The reader will find little in these memorials to remind him of the barrister in active practice. Private cases, however important, are passed over for the weightier matters of public law, public affairs, and theological discussion. Palmer entered Lincoln's Inn resolved to follow Sir John Richardson's advice—law first, society afterwards. He prepared for the Chancery bar by a year of conveyancing and a year under an equity draftsman. "The descent from the flowers of history, poetry, and philosophy to those dry bones of technical systems, and especially to the dull copying-clerk's work and mechanical processes of conveyancing, was dispiriting enough." Even towards the end of his life Lord Selborne seemed to feel the *ennui* of this apprenticeship, for he passes over it rapidly. During the intervals of routine, religious and academic interests occupied his thoughts. The controversy over Dr. Hampden's Bampton Lectures, the status of the Canadian Church in 1837-38 involving the Clergy Reserves question, the affairs of the Christian Knowledge Society, the Jerusalem bishopric, and the contest between Williams and Garbett for the Oxford chair of poetry, take precedence, during 1836-44, of the "dusty purlieus of the law." One must not suppose that because Lord Selborne says little of his private practice he went without briefs. He won his spurs in the case of Knight vs. Marjoribanks, 1839. Following two senior counsel, he made such an impression that James Freshfield, solicitor to the Bank of England, wrote to Horsley Palmer: "From all I can learn, I offer my confident opinion that your nephew's fortune is in his own power, and that his exertions will not be more beneficial to himself than to his clients." That year Palmer passed the "Rubicon of £100." In the midst of engrossing work he never forgot his friends, and several portraits in chiaroscuro illuminate the narrative of his first London years.

While the steps by which Lord Selborne made his way to the head of the junior bar are but vaguely indicated, the course of his political life is fully set forth. At the general elections of 1847 he was solicited to stand for Plymouth in the Peelite interest, and, having carried the seat, his connection with that constituency continued ten years. In 1857 he was replaced by Mr. James White, whose sonorous cheer in the House of Commons earned for him the name of the "Plymouth Sound." Shortly after he entered Parliament, Palmer married Lady Laura Waldegrave, a lady of the same religious temperament with himself. They lived together for thirty-seven years "a life of uninterrupted love and happiness."

Election to Parliament gave Palmer a double hold on success, and throughout the decade 1850-60 he steadily improved his position. Becoming Solicitor-General under Palmerston in 1861, he had to deal with many of the important international questions which arose from our civil war. Along with the Attorney-General, Sir William Atherton, he advised the British Government on points of law arising from the cases of the *Florida*, the *Alabama*, the *Alexandra*, and the steam rams. He makes a strong *prima-facie* plea for his own action in the *Alabama* affair, and no future historian of the incident can afford to overlook his statements with regard to both fact and policy. His capacity for work was enormous. Busy as he was at this time with public duties, he managed to provide an anthology of hymns for the Golden Treasury series. Once Goldwin Smith, when calling at his chambers, was told by the confidential clerk that he had better not go in, "as Sir Roundell had not been in bed that week." The record of his later and more famous services will doubtless be given before long. With the Colenso episode, the fall of Bethell, and the death of Lord Palmerston the published part of this important memoir closes.

We have occupied so much space in the futile attempt to compress the contents of Lord Selborne's pages, that we shall conclude by offering two, and only two, considerations of a general nature. The first relates to the author's style; the second, to the essential qualities of his character. In 1837 he was much interested in the Upper Canada Clergy Society.

"Only one thing of importance to me arose out of my connection with this society. I had composed, in a much too florid and ambitious style, the draft of a letter intended to be sent by the committee to the Society's principal missionary. This Mr. Gladstone saw, and he spoke of it to me in terms of kindly expressed criticism. 'Too good,' were the words which he used, emphasizing them, so as to make it plain to me that the composition was not to his taste. I date from that criticism, of which I felt the justice, a dislike to an ambitious and rhetorical manner of writing, which has since grown upon me and has become a confirmed habit of my mind."

The text of the present work shows the result of fifty years' discipline in the use of compact and lucid English. Plain and straightforward, it seldom sinks into dryness.

Lord Selborne's judgments of contemporaries and rivals show him to have been a generous, kindly man. He writes without hard words or innuendoes, and is able to appreciate the integrity of an opponent's position. He is as modest as an ex-chancellor when speaking about himself can be. His memory is remarkable for a man of years, and his great strength of mind is revealed in many long arguments and disquisitions. Above all, true goodness is blazoned on his forehead. One is reminded here of a curious story which Renan tells about the observance of St. Yves's day in Britanny. St. Yves is the only canonized lawyer, and even his own people cannot get over the sense of anomaly. The burden of the song sung by the Bretons on his day is *advocatus et non latro, res miranda populo*. The legal profession has comprised many bad men. With all respect to St. Yves, it has contained no better man than Roundell Palmer.

Famous American Actors of To-day. Edited by Frederic Edward McKay and Charles E. L. Wingate. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

THE primary, if not the avowed, object of all books of this description, collections of stage biographies written by miscellaneous authors connected professionally with the theatre, is to secure a sale by gratifying the vanity of the actors selected as subjects for discussion, and provoking the jealousy or curiosity of those omitted from the list. In these respects the present volume proves no exception to the general rule, but it is superior to most of its immediate predecessors in fulness and accuracy of detail, in literary workmanship, and its comparative freedom from triviality and absolute silliness. Some of the articles, indeed, contain genuine and judicious criticism, but these, it may be observed parenthetically, relate to the dead, to players of assured and acknowledged distinction, or to those whose days of activity are ended. Of the remaining essays, the great majority possess more or less interest as records, but, otherwise, are simply fluent but worthless eulogies of the kind invented by box office agents and adopted complacently by the daily press. A sufficient expla-

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nation of this characteristic will be discovered by the initiated in the names of the writers.

The best work in the book is to be found in the article, by Mr. Henry A. Clapp, on Edwin Booth, which is reprinted from the *Atlantic Monthly*, and was recognized long ago as a conscientious, appreciative, and thoroughly able piece of analysis, even by readers who do not agree with all its conclusions, and in a remarkably interesting and well written, if somewhat over-enthusiastic, article by Mrs. E. G. Sutherland, upon William Warren, so long the pride of Boston. Mr. Edward King does no more than justice to the many delightful attributes of Joseph Jefferson's acting, but his paper would have been more convincing if he had taken some of Jefferson's limitations into account. The article on Mme. Janauschek, on the other hand, although highly laudatory, cannot be accepted as an adequate acknowledgment of her commanding genius. In high romantic tragedy she has had no peer in this generation except Salvini, and, considering her versatility, it is doubtful whether either Rachel or Ristori was her equal. W. J. Florence, the most versatile comedian of his day, is another actor whose most sterling qualities, if not altogether overlooked, are certainly under-estimated. The sketch of Mary Anderson is nothing but a synopsis of her autobiography, while that of Mrs. John Drew, whose fine skill could have nothing to fear from intelligent criticism, is a mere box-office puff. The only other essay worthy of particular mention is that on Ada Rehan, by Mr. E. A. Dithmar, which is a well-written and exhaustive plea in defence of a rather weak case.

Here comment on the book might stop so far as its historical, literary, or critical value is concerned, but the publication has a significance probably unsuspected by its compilers, though undeniably interesting to students and lovers of the stage. A moment's reflection will show that the very title of it is a misnomer. Not more than half-a-dozen of the actors commemorated in it can, by any stretch of courtesy, be designated as famous, and these cannot fairly be included in a list of representative players of to-day. Mr. Jefferson, to be sure, is still in harness and happily able to keep alive the memories of his earlier triumphs. But he stands alone. Janauschek, the ghost of her former self, "a noble wreck in ruinous perfection," lends occasional dignity to modern farce or melodrama, but her day is over. Modjeska has shaken the dust of New York from off her feet; Booth, Lester Wallack, John Gilbert, and William Warren have joined the illustrious majority, and Mrs. John Drew, worthy of fame even if she has not fully attained it, has retired into well-earned privacy. These are the only names in the selected list of forty-two worthy of permanent remembrance for high achievement in the artistic drama. Such conscientious and competent performers as Lawrence Barrett, W. J. Florence, and Charles Fisher, although they did good and valuable work, belonged to a lower class. They, too, are dead.

Who, then, are the famous actors of the contemporary American stage? In attempting to answer this question, Messrs. Wingate and McKay, after a survey of the existing material, propose the names (following their own order) of Fanny Davenport, Richard Mansfield, Ada Rehan, John Drew, Julia Marlowe, Agnes Booth, J. H. Stoddart, Maurice Barrymore, Rose Coghlan, W. J. Le Moyne, E. M. Holland, Georgia Cayvan, E. H. Sothern, Alexander Salvini, James O'Neil, and a few others of still less consequence, of whom some are dead and others in retirement. Of Edwin Varrey, the best "old man" in the country; of Eben Plympton, who has no equal on this side of the Atlantic as a leading man; of the veteran E. C. Couldock, of Ada Dyas, and of Joseph Wheelock, they make no mention at all. Others might be added, but the list as it stands fairly represents the best American talent. How many of these players are in the front rank? How many of them justify the hope that they may reach it in the future? Alexander Salvini has genius, but he is dying. Agnes Booth, J. H. Stoddart, and W. J. Le Moyne have done their best work. Miss Davenport is devoting herself to the vile Sardou drama, to the demoralization of her art and her audiences. Mr. Barrymore is and long has been in a condition of arrested development, and Miss Marlowe is going backwards. Mr. Mansfield has energy, ambition, ability, and artistic sense. In him, undoubtedly, there are latent possibilities, but it is a grave question whether his temperament will ever permit their realization. John Drew is one of the best light comedians to be found anywhere, but he is laboring in a restricted field, without much apparent chance of widening his artistic horizon, while Miss Ada Rehan, his old associate, an actress of peculiar ability in her own line, has impeded her own progress by venturing beyond her depth.

All this is only a rapid summary of facts long acknowledged and deplored by experienced and disinterested observers, but never, perhaps, so clearly demonstrated as in this book, which, in its search after famous American actors, upsets the very proposition which it set out to establish. "To-day," it is explained in the preface, is meant to refer to the decade just closing. Of the great actors who have adorned that period, only Mr. Jefferson is left to us. Of the competent performers of the second rank, all are past their early prime, and most of them—the subject is somewhat delicate—are of an age which precludes any reasonable expectation of development. Within the ten years there has not arisen one single American actor, male or female, of any conspicuous ability in any of the higher walks of the drama. The temporary encouragement afforded by the early work of a few intelligent novices has been dashed by their later performances. Never was the outlook for the home theatre more depressing. Every season we are becoming more dependent for good acting upon the foreign supply, and there is small chance of improvement so long as the present system of management by syndicate prevails. It is not surprising that there should be no actors when there are no stock companies, the only schools of any value. But the production of a volume on famous American actors, in present circumstances, is a cruel, if unconscious, bit of irony. It also illustrates the prevailing lamentable tendency to describe all our theatrical geese as swans.

Moxon's Mechanick Exercises; or, the Doctrine of Handy-works applied to the Art of Printing. A literal reprint in two volumes of the first edition, published in the year 1683. With preface and notes by Theo. L De Vinne. New York: The Typothetæ of the City of New York. 1896.

THE selection of this rare volume for reproduction witnesses to the sound judgment of the master printers associated as "The Typothetæ," while the perfection of its manufacture is an honor not only to the De Vinne Press but to American printing. Moxon was a Yorkshireman with a mathematical turn, and an ingenious mechanic; he had been made hydrographer to the King in 1665, and by and by embarked in type-founding and printing. The present work was part of a series bearing the general title of "Mechanick Exercises," and "has the distinction of being not only the first, but the most complete of the few early manuals of typography." It is most orderly in treatment, and exceedingly minute in its instructions, which are aided by illustrations on copper. It is a mine of technical terminology, and is reinforced by a dictionary ready to Dr. Murray's hand. Mr. De Vinne, besides supplying a brief biographical introduction, masses at the end his annotations on the several chapters, comparing the art of Moxon's time with that of to-day. The changes have been astonishingly few in some branches, but very great in others, notably in presses. Indeed, the mechanical insufficiency of that steamless age is the most striking lesson of Moxon's manual.

The original edition was produced without any particular regard to an exemplary appearance, and would have yielded but a dingy photographic facsimile. The Typothetæ therefore undertook a line-for-line and page-for-page copy, correcting merely literal errors, and using a type, derived from Caslon's punches, which bore a tolerable likeness to Moxon's. This very noble letter, composed with the most scrupulous accuracy, and admirably printed on Holland paper, gives us a sample of American typographic skill which is at once a monument to the makers and to Moxon. Being limited, however, to 450 copies, and not being in the market, this reprint will be almost as inaccessible as the remainder of the 500 first printed in 1683, of which but three are known to be on this side of the Atlantic, and but two in England. The volumes are very tastefully bound in brown leather with orange-colored sides.

One must be somewhat versed in "the art preservative" to follow Moxon's text with a lively interest or understandingly; but anybody can appreciate his workmanlike spirit and his quaint humor, while his technical vocabulary, as we have intimated, is worth studying as he thought it worth recording in his dictionary. He acknowledges the imperfections of this pre-Johnsonian glossary, and bespeaks its amendment:

"Therefore," he says, "such Words and Phrases as have escaped my Consideration, will, I hope, be discovered by some Printer, or others, that may have a Kindness for Posterity; not only in this Trade, but in all Trades and Faculties whatsoever: That so a *Dictionary* may in time be compleated, that may render so great a number of Words used in *England* by *English-men* intelligible; which now for want of a proper Repository to store them in, seem not only Aliens to our Nation, but barbarous to our Understandings."

Moxon's appendix on the customs of the Chapel is a picture of manners that have well passed away; freedom of the press, too, has abolished "the Hole," if not the pirate publisher:

"By a *Hole*, in Printers dialect, is meant and understood a place where private Printing is used, *viz.* the Printing of Unlicensed *Books*, or Printing of other mens *Copies*. Many Printers for Lucre of Gain have gone into *Holes*, and then their chief care is to get a *Hole* Private, and Workmen Trusty and Cunning to conceal the *Hole*, and themselves."

Mr. De Vinne indulges in a little pleasantry on Moxon's requirement that the proof-reader or corrector "should (besides the *English*

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Tongue) be well skilled in Languages, especially in those that are used to be Printed with us," viz., Latin, Greek, Hebrew, "Syriack, Caldæ," French, Spanish, Italian, High Dutch, Saxon, Low Dutch, "Welch, etc." "Neither," adds Moxon, "ought my innumerating only these be a stint to his skill in the number of them, for many times several other Languages may happen to be Printed, of which the Author has perhaps no more skill than the bare knowledge of the Words and their Pronunciations," with resulting orthographic offences (if the corrector be equally ignorant) implied in another passage: "And how well other Forrain Languages are Corrected by the Author, we may perceive by the English that is Printed in Forrain Countries." This latter observation is not yet out of date.

History of the Court of Common Pleas of the City and County of New York. With full reports of all important proceedings. By James Wilton Brooks. New York. (Published by subscription.) 1896.

THE New York Court of Common Pleas came to an end last year, by a process which lawyers might term merger. Together with the Superior Court it was consolidated with the Supreme Court, which has thus become the one court of general jurisdiction for the whole State. Now that these two tribunals have disappeared, it is very difficult to see why they were allowed to exist side by side so long. Consolidation was long recommended by law-reformers and judges, and the main obstacle consisted of the interests of the judges of the Common Pleas and Superior Courts, some of whom were commonly supposed to be averse to being consolidated off their separate benches. However this may be, an attempt to push the reform, made in the Bar Association of this city some years ago, fell through, one of the arguments advanced against it being that it was a good plan to have three courts, as one, or even two of them, might become tainted with corruption—as had happened once—and then, without the third, the honest lawyer and client would have nowhere to go. This argument, which would of course be fatal to the consolidation of any courts, prevailed, and the project was abandoned, only to be taken up a few years later and made law.

When the end came, both courts were past their prime, but in earlier years both had been tribunals of consequence and weight. The Common Pleas, as the present generation knew it, could trace its judicial pedigree back only to 1821, when John Treat Irving, the brother of Washington Irving, was made First Judge. Previous to this, the court had been the Mayor's Court, and the Mayor's Court had in its turn, when the English got possession of New York, supplanted the Dutch court of the Schout, Burgomaster, and Schepens. Any one imbued with the true historical spirit may therefore identify the three courts as one, and say that the New York Court of Common Pleas existed for 242 years. During one-sixth of this period—forty-one years—the presiding judge was the venerable Charles P. Daly, whose Reports will always be a valuable series of judicial records and an interesting memorial of the court.

This is itself a memorial volume, and contains a brief history of the court, and various minutes of proceedings, the latter relating mostly to trials of justices, of whom the most recently notorious was the well-known Patrick Divver, tried in 1894 on a number of charges, among which was that in 1886 he had been "accustomed to divide with one Edward Parmely Jones the proceeds of a system of swindling commonly called the 'green goods game.'" It is interesting to note that while other charges were denied, this one was met by a demurrer—a species of defence described by some one as equivalent to saying, "What of it?" The judges of the Common Pleas sustained the demurrer, not on the ground that the green-goods game is an innocent diversion, but because they had no power to remove for offences committed before the defendant became a judge. During its whole history the power of this court to try and remove justices seems, when resorted to, to have been of little value.

There are also, among other things in Mr. Brooks's volume, biographical sketches of the judges, and an account of the proceedings on the closing of the court in 1895. The sketches are not altogether critical; some are rather of the order which fails to characterize or discriminate. The accounts given do not invariably produce the impression of exalted judicial capacity, and indeed make us now and then fear that, if the truth were known, some of the later judges of the Common Pleas were second-rate men, who secured their places through a knowledge rather of politics than of jurisprudence.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

A Fearless Investigator. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.25.
Aldrich, T. B. Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
American Orations: Studies in American Political History. 2d series. Putnams. $1.25.
Andrews, Prof. E. B. The History of the Last Quarter-Century in the United States. 2 vols. Scribners. $6.
Arditi, Luigi. My Reminiscences. Dodd, Mead & Co.
Arjuna, Harold. Klassisch oder Volksthümlich? Auch ein Beitrag zur Lösung der Schulfrage. Leipzig: Gustav Fock.
Balfour, Marie C. Maris Stella. London: John Lane; Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.
Balzac, H. de. Béatrix. London: Dent; New York: Macmillan. $1.50.
Bangs, J. K. A Rebellious Heroine. Harpers. $1.25.
Barrie, J. M. Sentimental Tommy: The Story of his Boyhood. Scribners. $1.50.
Bennett, Prof. C. E. A Latin Composition for Secondary Schools. Boston: Allyn & Bacon. 80c
Benson, E. F. Limitations. Harpers. $1.25.
Berkowitz, Henry. The Open Bible. Part I. Philadelphia: Jewish Chautauqua Society.
Bevier, Louis. A French Grammar. Henry Holt & Co. $1.
Binet, Alfred. Alterations of Personality. Appletons.
Björnson, B. The Bridal March, and One Day. Macmillan. $1.25.
Blanchard, Amy E. Betty of Wye. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25.
Bolton, Mrs. Sarah K. Famous Givers and their Gifts. T. Y. Crowell & Co
Bourgeois, Léon. Solidarité. Paris: Colin & Cie.
Brooks, E. S., and Alden, John. The Long Walls: An American Boy's Adventures in Greece. Putnams. $1.50.
Browne, Prof. W. H. Selections from the Early Scottish Poets. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press. $1.25.
Browning, Robert. Saul. Illustrated. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1 50.
Bruce, Mary S. Selections for Sight Translation. [French.] Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 15c.
Buchan, John. Scholar Gipsies. London: John Lane; New York: Macmillan. $1.75.
Buchheim, Prof. C. A. Goethe's Iphigenie auf Tauris. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan. 75c.
Cameron, Prof. A. G. Coppée and Maupassant. Tales. Henry Holt & Co. 75c
Cawein, Madison. The Garden of Dreams. Louisville: J. P. Morton & Co. $1 25.
Cleveland, Helen M., and Gay, Margaret. Santa Claus' Home. Boston: *Arena* Publishing Co. 50c.
Comstock, D. Y. Virgil's Aeneid. Books I., VI., VIII., IX., and Selections from the Other Books. Boston: Allyn & Bacon. $1 40.
Cooper, J. F. Leather-Stocking Tales. 5 vols. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $7.50.
Crockett, Prof. C. W. Elements of Plane and Spherical Trigonometry. American Book Co. $1.25.
Du Bois, Prof. W. E. B. The Suppression of the African Slave Trade to the United States of America [Harvard Historical Studies.] Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
Fenn, G. M. Beneath the Sea: A Story of the Cornish Coast. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.50.
Fenn, G. M. The Black Tor: A Tale of the Reign of James I. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50.
Fontaine, C. Theuriet's Bigarreau. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 25c.
Frost, W. H. The Court of King Arthur. Scribners. $1.50.
George, A. J. Select Poems of Robert Burns. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 90c.
Gerhard, W. P. Theatre Fires and Panics: Their Causes and Prevention. London: Chapman & Hall; New York: John Wiley & Sons. $1.50.
Gibson, C. D. Pictures of People. R. H. Russell & Son. $10.
Gil Blas of Santillana. Translated by Henri Van Laun. 4 vols. London: Gibbings & Co.; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $4.
Gollancz, Israel. Venus and Adonis. The Rape of Lucrece. [The Temple Shakspere.] London: Dent; New York: Macmillan. Each 45c.
Hale, R. B. Six Stories and Some Verses. Boston: J. M. Bowles. $1.50.
Harding, Prof. S. B. The Contest over the Ratification of the Federal Constitution in the State of Massachusetts. [Harvard Historical Studies.] Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25.
Hardy, Thomas. Under the Greenwood Tree. New ed. Harpers. $1.50.
Harland, Marion, and Herrick, Christine T. The National Cook Book. Scribners. $1 50.
Harris, Prof. Samuel. God the Creator and Lord of All. 2 vols. Scribners $5.
Harris, W. T. Horace Mann. Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen. 50c.
Hata, Riotara. Gedanken eines Japaners über die Frauen. Leipzig: A. Hartleben; New York: Lemcke & Buchner.
Hill, G. B. Talks about Autographs. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $3.50.
Hodges, Rev. George. Faith and Social Service. Thomas Whittaker. $1 25.
Home, Andrew. Through Thick and Thin: The Story of a School Campaign. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25
Hopkins, Tighe. Kilmainham Memories. 2d ed. Ward, Lock & Co.
Hopper, Nora. Under Quicken Boughs. London: John Lane; New York: G. H. Richmond & Co.
Howells, W. D. Impressions and Experiences. Harpers. $1.50.
Hume, M. A. S. The Year after the Armada, and Other Historical Studies. Macmillan. $3.50.
Hutchinson, Thomas. The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth. [Oxford Edition.] Henry Frowde. $3.50.
Jackson, C. F. Mechanical Drawing. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50.
Jamison, Mrs. C. V. Seraph, the Little Violiniste. Boston: W. A. Wilde & Co. $1.50.
Johannot, James. Principles and Practice of Teaching. Appletons.
Kant's Critique of Pure Reason. Translated by F. Max Müller. Macmillan. $3.
Keble, Rev. John. The Christian Year: London: Methuen & Co.; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50.
Ker, David. Swept out to Sea. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50.
Kirkland, Miss E. S. A Short History of Italy. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.25.
Knight, William. The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth. Vol. VII. Macmillan. $1.50.
Kuhns, Prof. L. O. De Amicis's Cuore. Henry Holt & Co. $1.
Lane, E. W. Arabian Nights' Entertainment. 6 vols. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $6.
Lang, Andrew. Walton's Compleat Angler. London: Dent: New York: Macmillan. $2.
Lefevre, Arthur. Number and its Algebra. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Liljencrantz, Ottilie A. The Scrape that Jack Built. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1 25.
Lockhart, J. G. Life of Sir Walter Scott. 2 vols. T. Y. Crowell & Co.
Lockwood, Ingersoll. 1900; or, The Last President. American News Co. 10c.
MacArthur, Adella R. "That Romanist." Boston: *Arena* Publishing Co.
Macleod, Fiona. Green Fire. Harpers. $1.25
Menzies, Prof. Allan. The Ante-Nicene Fathers. Vol. IX Christian Literature Co.
Meurice, Paul. The Letters of Victor Hugo to his Family, to Sainte-Beuve and Others. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $3.
Molesworth, Mrs. Philippa. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co $1.25.
Moneycoutts, F. B. Poems. London: John Lane; New York: G. H. Richmond & Co.
Morris, William. The Well at the World's End: A Tale. 2 vols. Longmans, Green & Co. $7 50.
Mowry, W. A., and A. M. A History of the United States for Schools. Silver, Burdett & Co.
Murray, Dr. J. A. H., and Bradley, H. A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles. Disburdened-Disobservant (vol. iii.). Fish-Flexuose (vol. iv.). Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan.
Nicholson, Claud. Ugly Idol. London: John Lane; Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.
Optic, Oliver. On the Staff. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.50.
Owen, John. The Five Great Skeptical Dramas of History. London: Sonnenschein; New York: Putnams. $3.
Pater, Walter. Gaston de Latour: An Unfinished Romance. Macmillan $1.50.
Penfield, Edward. Posters in Miniature. R. H. Russell & Son. $1.50.
Pentecost, Rev. G. F. Grace Abounding in the Forgiveness of Sins. Bonnell, Silver & Co. $1.
Peters, W. T. Posies out of Rings. London: John Lane; New York: G. H. Richmond & Co.
Pettee, G. D Plain Geometry. Silver, Burdett & Co.
Phelps, C. E. D. Echoes from the Mountain. Putnams. $1.
Phillips, H. W. Fables for the Times. Illustrated. R. H. Russell & Son. $1.25.
Phipson, T. L. Famous Violinists and Fine Violins. London: Chatto & Windus; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.75.
Plarr, Victor. In the Dorian Mood. London: John Lane; New York: G. H. Richmond & Co.
Plympton, A. G. The Black Dog, and Other Stories. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.25.
Porter, Charlotte, and Clarke, Helen A. Selected Poems of Robert Browning. 2 vols. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $3.
Porter, Rose. About Children. Putnams. $1.
Ray, Miss Anna C. Half a Dozen Girls. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.50.
Reese, Lizette W. A Quiet Road. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.
Reid, Capt. Mayne. The Young Voyageurs. Putnams. $1.25.
Robertson, J. L. The Poetical Works of Robert Burns. [Oxford Edition.] Henry Frowde. $3.50.
Robertson, Prof. G. C. Elements of General Philosophy. Scribners. $1.
Ruding, Walt. An Evil Motherhood: An Impressionist Novel. London: Elkin Mathews; New York: G. H. Richmond & Co.
Sargent, J. F. Supplement to Reading for the Young. Boston: Library Bureau. $1.
Schouler, James. Historical Briefs. With a Biography. Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.
Setoun, Gabriel. Robert Urquhart. R. F. Fenno & Co. $1.
Shelton's Don Quixote. [Tudor Translations.] Vols. III. and IV. London: David Nutt.
Speer, W. W. Primary Arithmetic. For the Use of Teachers. Boston: Ginn & Co. 40c.
Stern, Bernhard. The Private Life of the Romanoffs. Washington: National Publishing Co.

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Stockton, F. R. Captain Chap. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50.
Stone, Eliza A. Concerning Friendship: A Year-Book. Putnams. $1.
Stories and Legends from Washington Irving. Putnams. $1.50.
Streatfeild, R. A. The Opera: A Sketch of its Development. London: J. C. Nimmo; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $2.
Super, Prof. O. B. Erckmann-Chatrian's Le Conscrit de 1813. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 65c.
Terhune, A. P. Syria from the Saddle. Silver, Burdett & Co. $1.50.
Thatcher, O. J., and Schwill, F. Europe in the Middle Age. Scribners. $2.
Thayer, W. M. *Around the Hearthstone; or, Hints for Home-Builders.* T. Nelson & Sons. $1.50.
The Complete Works of Robert Burns. 4 vols. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $5
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The Trustees, in conformity with the Charter of the Company, submit the following Statement of its affairs on the 31st of December, 1895:

Premiums on Marine Risks from 1st January, 1895, to 31st December, 1895,		$2,622,872 42
Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1895		1,027,151 41
Total Marine Premiums		$3,650,023 83
Premiums marked off from 1st January, 1895, to 31st December, 1895		$2,540,748 83
Losses paid during the same period	$1,218,407 55	
Returns of Premiums and Expenses	$603,415 82	
The Company has the following Assets, viz.:		
United States and City of New York Stock; City Banks and other Stocks		$8,059,105 00
Loans secured by Stocks and otherwise		1,216,500 00
Real Estate and Claims due the Company, estimated at		1,000,004 90
Premium Notes and Bills Receivable		896,431 88
Cash in Bank		202,518 33
Amount		$11,374,560 11

Six per cent. interest on the outstanding certificates of profits will be paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the fourth of February next.
The outstanding certificates of the issue of 1890 will be redeemed and paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the fourth of February next, from which date all interest thereon will cease. The certificates to be produced at the time of payment, and cancelled.
A dividend of FORTY PER CENT. is declared on the net earned premiums of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1895, for which certificates will be issued on and after Tuesday, the fifth of May next.
By order of the Board,
J. H. CHAPMAN, Secretary.

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